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AUGUST 23, 1985

NATIONAL REVIEW

New York Times

NEW YORK, MONDAY, AUGUST 6, 1945

TRUMAN CANCELS ATOMIC BOMB ATTACK ON JAPAN; EXPERTS SEE 'NO ALTERNATIVE' TO INVASION; U.S. FORCES TO LEAVE EUROPE

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RTHUR TO HEAD EST INVASION E IN HISTORY

Could Exceed Normandy

WILL RUSSIA DO?

ONALD COTTER

WASHINGTON, August 5—With the long-rumored "superbomb" out of the picture there is now no alternative to a massive invasion of the Japanese mainland slated, according to reliable Pentagon sources, for early November.

Operation DOWNFALL, to be headed by General Douglas MacArthur, will lead off with an amphibious land... Code-nam... the "larg... in histor... ing even... the Nor... 1944. Th... troops in... mandy re...

Admira... to the Pr...

...ded just in ...ne."

President Truman announcing his decision not to use "weapons of unprecedented destructive power" against the Japanese.

General MacArthur could not be reached for comment but is report... William Leahy, the President's military advisor, was reported to have told Mr. Truman he had "mor...

PRESIDENT YIELDS TO PRESSURE FROM SCIENTISTS, CONGRESS

Advisors Cite "Moral Compunctions"

Churchill Terms Decision "Tragic"

By DONALD COTTER

WASHINGTON, August 5—President Truman today announced that he would not use the atomic "superbomb" against Japan. The bomb, whose very existence had never been officially confirmed until today, is believed to be a device powerful enough to destroy an entire small city.

The President gave few details, but confirmed that the U.S. did in... of "un... ower, so ...e it into ...e against ...tead with ... to "sur... an bring ...ll-out in... ...n which ...m which ...or a cen...

...however, claim that Truman was eager to use the weapon but bowed to pres...

What if we hadn't dropped the bomb?

Donald Cotter

Tom Bethell: Return of the Debt Crisis

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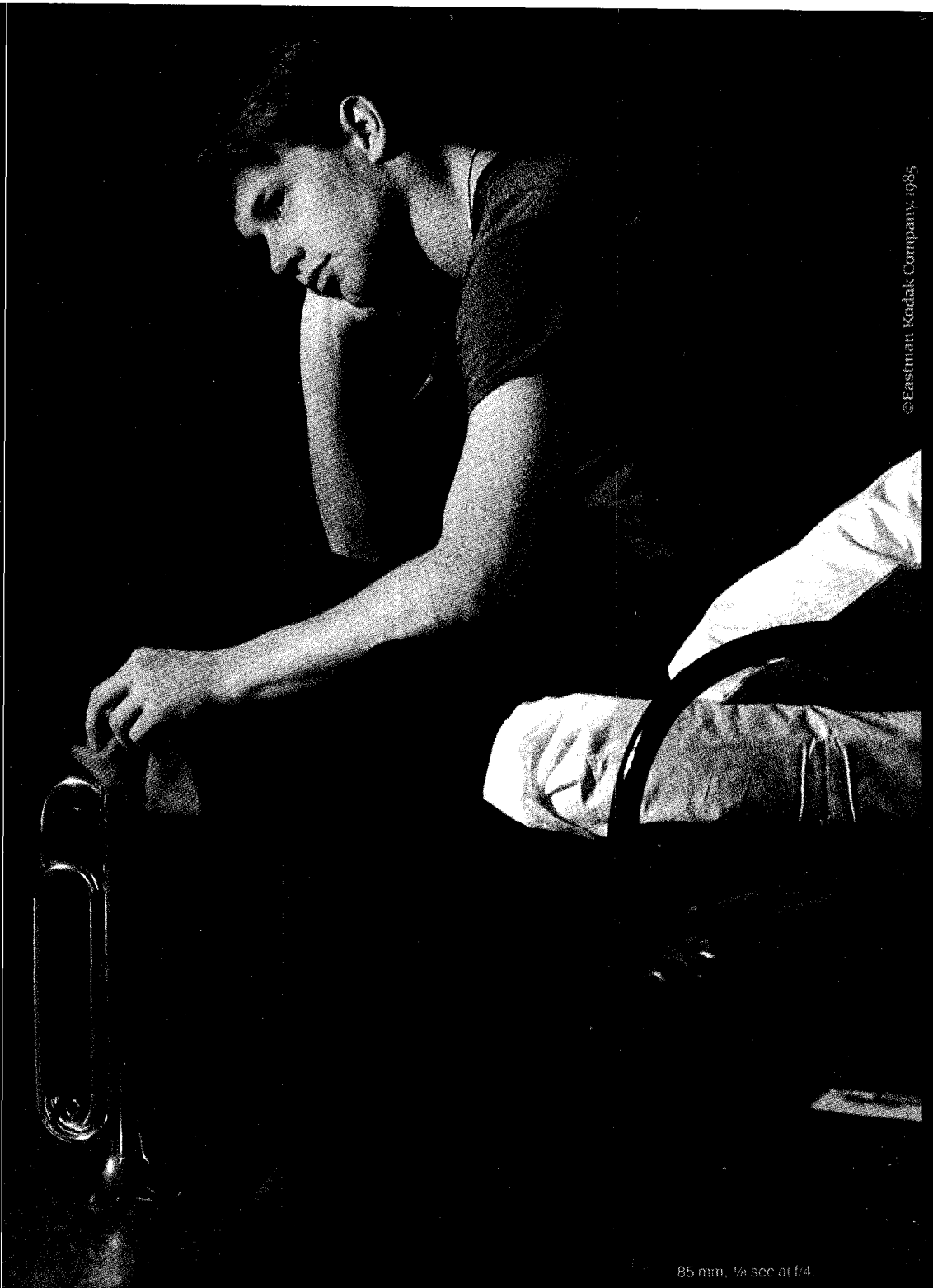

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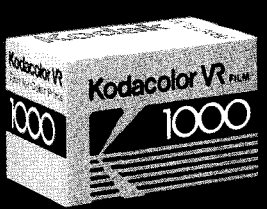
By the dawn's early light.



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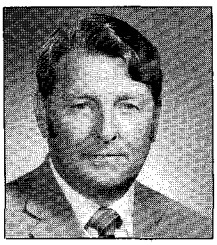
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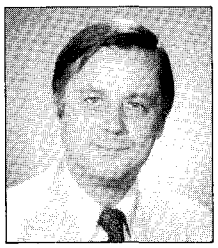
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LETTERS

Arms Controlled

I hope that William R. Hawkins's incisive historical look at the futility of arms-control negotiations and agreements ["Arms Control: Three Centuries of Failure," Aug. 9] will be required reading at the White House. Arms control is a fiction, an opportunity for liberals in Congress to cut defense spending under the guise of "making gestures that we're serious" to the Soviet Union. The Soviets must be laughing all the way to Geneva. Unfortunately, in spite of candidate Reagan's straight talk about Soviet duplicity (he once called the SALT II treaty he recently agreed to maintain "fatally flawed"), the priority of the Administration seems to be "meaningful arms control," an oxymoron if there ever was one. Secretary of State George Shultz and company have apparently convinced Reagan that the road into the history books leads through Moscow, not over it. As Hawkins correctly demonstrates, the purpose of arms-control "negotiations" has been to buy time on behalf of the aggressive power, in the contemporary case, the Soviet Union. The Soviets have been using the quasi-détente ushered in by the newest round of discussions to continue fomenting opposition to United States policies and disarmament abroad. Until the President clears the decks of State Department bureaucrats and business-as-usual diplomats like Shultz, we can expect little better. Wake up, Mr. Reagan.

Beth Miller
Philadelphia, Pa.

Reagan Alive

"In Reagan's Defense," by my colleague Bill Rusher [Aug. 9], criticizes *NR*'s July 26 editorial on the TWA hijacking ["Perdicaris Alive, Raisuli Alive"] for, among other things, indulging in the "tangy rhetoric" of Theodore Roosevelt. Rusher takes a few swigs of tang himself ("impatience," "frustration," "exasperation," "railing"). Rhetoric aside, he does not make his case.

The hijacking raises two issues: What should be our conduct now? and, What should have been our conduct at the time?

For the present, Rusher says, we can look forward to the "grim but gratifying business of retaliation" (another swig). I look forward too. But I am not hopeful. Rusher ignores the severest paragraph of the editorial, which listed a number of events—Jaruzelski's putsch, KAL 007, the murder of Major Nicholson, an earlier hijacking that ended in Teheran, and the kidnappings of American officials and educators—to none of which the Administration responded effectively. What are our grounds for hope?

Whatever America does, there remains the question, What should have been done at the time? The July 12 issue offered some general principles for dealing with hijackers. "Hijack victims, and others kidnapped by terrorists, are, for all intents and purposes, dead. . . . The primary concern of the crisis managers must be with the living—in this case, all future airline passengers: those who, but for firm action now, might be jeopardized in the future." Reagan's primary concern was to get everyone out alive. Rusher agreed. The logical consequences of their concern were visible on the world's television screens: release of Israel's prisoners, as requested (a linkage Rusher wishes away); boastful press conferences by Shiites of all sorts; grateful negotiations by us with the Shiites' handlers in Damascus. We showed the world that it is reasonable to hijack, and safe to act as middlemen for hijackers. There may be some course of action that will retroactively cancel out these first impressions. The burden of proof lies on the White House.

Richard Brookhiser
New York, N.Y.

Bill of Wrongs?

The *NR* cover story of July 26 ["Calling for a Constitutional Convention"] has left me with mixed feelings. Mr. Noonan thinks as one trained in the law is supposed to think and, I believe, his arguments with regard to the powers usurped by the Supreme Court are well founded. Nonetheless, his argument toward the sacredness of the Bill of Rights is confusing.

With regard to the Bill of Rights, have not these first ten amendments proved harmful only within recent days (e.g., freedom of the press with regard to the Lebanese situation)? I shall, however, leave my argument against the Bill of Rights to Alexander Hamilton, who wrote within Federalist Paper No. 84:

"I go further and affirm that bills of

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CLASSICS ON CASSETTES

326983. Bach: Organ Masterpieces—*Toccata & Fugue In D Minor,* etc. A. Newman (Sine Qua Non)

317081. Bach: Goldberg Variations—Glenn Gould *(Digital*—CBS Masterworks)

331488-391482. Bach: Brandenberg Concertos, 1 to 6 (complete)—Kapp, Philharmonia Virtuosi of New York (Counts as 2—*Digital*—CBS Masterworks)

329714. Bartok: Concerto for Orchestra; Dance Suite—Solti conducts Chicago Sym. *(Digital*—London)

273409. Beethoven: 3 Piano Sonatas—Moonlight, Appassionata, Pathetique. Horowitz, piano (Columbia)

321570. Beethoven: Symphony No. 5; Schubert: Symph. No. 8 (Unfinished)—Maazel, Vienna Philhar. *(Digital*—CBS Masterworks)

252874. Beethoven: Symphony No. 9 (Choral)—Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orch. (Columbia)

325654-395657. Beethoven Piano Concertos Nos. 1 & 5 (Emperor)—Brendel, piano; Mehta & Boettcher, cond. (Counts as 2—Vox)

332122. Beethoven: String Quartet in A Minor (Op. 132)—Fitzwilliam Quartet *(Digital*—London)

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263293. Bolling: Suite For Flute and Jazz Piano—Jean-Pierre Rampal and Claude Bolling (Columbia)

328039. Brahms: Symphony No. 3; Haydn Variations—Mehta, New York Phil. (CBS Masterworks)

330118. Brahms: String Quintets in F and G Major—Boston Sym. Chamber Players *(Digital*—Nonesuch)

333518. Bruckner: Symphony No. 7—Chailly, RSO Berlin *(Digital*—London)

326439. Copland: Rodeo; Dance Symphony; El Salon Mexico; Fanfare for Common Man—Dorati, Detroit Sym. *(Digital*—London)

322826. Debussy: La Mer; Nocturnes—Michael Tilson Thomas, Philharmonia Orch. *(Digital*—CBS Masterworks)

333526-393520. Dvorak: Slavonic Dances (Op. 46, 72; **American Salute**—Dorati, Royal Phil. (Counts as 2—*Digital*—London)

325183. Dvorak: Symphony No. 9 (New World)—Solti, Chicago Symph. Orch. *(Digital*—London)

321471. Gershwin: Piano Concerto in F; American in Paris; Rhapsody in Blue Previn, London Sym. (Angel)

321208. Liszt: Hungarian Rhapsodies 2,3,5; Mephisto Waltz—Willi Boskovksy, London Phil. (Angel)

314369. Mahler: Symphony No. 1 (Titan)—Lorin Maazel, Orchestre National de France (CBS Masterworks)

317685. Mahler: Symphony No. 4—Ameling; Previn, Pittsburgh Sym. (Angel)

332056. Mendelssohn: A Midsummer Night's Dream; etc.—Zinman, Rochester Philharmonic *(Digital*—Vox Cum Laude)

305730. Mendelssohn: Symphony No. 4 (Italian); **Overtures**—Andre Previn, London Symphony (Angel)

294264. Mozart: Piano Concerto No. 21 (Elvira Madigan) and **No. 17**—Ashkenazy plays, conducts Philharmonia Or. (London)

318451. Ravel: Bolero; Pavane; Daphnis Et Chloe (Suite No. 2)—Andre Previn, London Symphony (Angel)

324533. Respighi: Feste Romane; Pines & Fountains Of Rome—Dutoit, Orch. de Montreal *(Digital*—London)

318436. Rimsky-Korsakov: Scheherazade—Svetlanov, London Symphony (Angel)

325100. Saint-Saens: Carnival of the Animals—also works by Debussy, Satie. Philip Jones Brass Ensemble *(Digital*–London)

321729. Schubert: The Impromptus, Op. 90 & 142—Murray Perahia, piano *(Digital*—CBS Masterworks)

225888. Smetana: Moldau, Bartered Bride Overture, Dances; Dvorak: Carnival Overture—Bernstein, N.Y. Phil. (Columbia)

326447. Verdi: Overtures—*La Forza del Destino, I Vespri Siciliana, Nabucco,* etc. Chailly, National Philharmonic *(Digital*—London)

323147. Wagner: Orchestral Music from "The Ring"—Sir Georg Solti, Chicago Sym. *(Digital*—London)

310086. Wagner: Overtures—*Flying Dutchman; Rienzi;* etc. Maazel, Philharmonia Orch. (Columbia)

MISCELLANEOUS COLLECTIONS

336149. Canadian Brass—Live! Works by Tchaikovsky, Mozart, Pachelbel, others *(Digital*—CBS Masterworks)

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331116. Andres Segovia plays works by Bach, Sor, Villa-Lobos, etc. (MCA)

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326397. Sutherland/Horne/Pavarotti—Live From Lincoln Center. A truly grand program *(Digital*—London)

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329136. Waverly Consort—Sephardic Songs: songs by Gombert, de Victoria, etc. (CBS Masterworks)

320895. Portrait of John Williams—*Theme from "The Deerhunter"; Fool On The Hill,* etc. (CBS Masterworks)

319004. Glass, Philip: The Photographer (CBS)

228684. Grieg: Peer Gynt Suites 1,2; Bizet: Carmen Suites—Bernstein cond. N.Y. Phil. (Columbia)

329615. Handel: Water Music: Malgorie, La Grande Ecurie & la Chambre duRoy *(Digital*—CBS Masterworks)

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332569. Haydn: Symphony No. 94 (Surprise), **No. 100** (Military)—Solti, London Phil. *(Digital*—London)

326272. Holst: The Planets—Bernstein, New York Phil. (CBS Great Performances)

330126. Kodaly: Hary Janos Suite; Alfven: Swedish Rhapsody; Enescu: Rumanian Rhapsody No. 2—Comissiona, Baltimore Sym. *(Digital*—Vox Cum Laude)

325365. Mozart: Eine Kleine Nachtmusik; Symph. No. 40—Casals, Marlboro Festival Orch. (CBS Portrait)

310698. Offenbach: Gaite Parisienne; Saint-Saens: Danse Macabre; Dukas: Sorcerer's Apprentice—Maazel, Orch. National de France (Columbia)

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318691. Prokofiev: Love For Three Oranges Suite; Lt. Kije Suite—Michael Tilson Thomas, Los Angeles Phil. (CBS Masterworks)

245043. Rachmaninoff: Piano Concertos Nos. 1 & 2—Ashkenazy; Previn, London Sym. (London)

331447. Ravel: Ma Mere L'Oye (Mother Goose); **Le Tombeau De Couperin;** etc.—Dutoit, Montreal Sym. *(Digital*—London)

310870-390872. Johann Strauss' Greatest Waltzes Ormandy, Szell, Bernstein (Counts as 2—Columbia)

202796. Richard Strauss: Also Sprach Zarathustra—Bernstein, New York Philharmonic (Columbia)

326405. Stravinsky: The Firebird (complete ballet)—Dohnanyi, Vienna Philharmonic *(Digital*—London)

281493. Stravinsky: Rite Of Spring. Zubin Mehta, N.Y. Phil. (Columbia)

326249. Tchaikovsky: 1812 Overture; Marche Slav; etc.—Bernstein, N.Y. Phil. (CBS Great Performances)

329169. Tchaikovsky: Symphony No. 4—Lorin Maazel, Cleveland Orch. (CBS Masterworks)

231563. Tchaikovsky: Swan Lake and **Sleeping Beauty Ballet Suites**—Ormandy, Philadelphia Orchestra (Columbia)

326553. Placido Domingo—Great Love Scenes. With Kiri Te Kanawa, Ileana Cotrubas, Renata Scotto (CBS Masterworks)

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rights, in the sense and to the extent in which they are contended for, are not only unnecessary in the proposed Constitution but would even be dangerous. They would contain various exceptions to powers which are not granted; and, on this very account, would afford a colorable pretext to claim more than were granted. For why declare that things shall not be done which there is no power to do? Why, for instance, should it be said that the liberty of the press shall not be restrained, when no power is given by which restrictions may be imposed? . . ."

The only condition I would add to Mr. Hamilton's contention is that, since a Bill of Rights was enacted, we should be careful, in putting it aside at this time, that our actions not be misconstrued as repressive but only a return to the status quo that existed prior to its passage.

Martin Gorski
Chicago, Ill.

Old News

Dinesh D'Souza ["Build Up, Build Down," July 12] suggests that Jonathan Schell is responsible for the excellent notion that arms control is eased by strategic defense because the shield makes us less vulnerable to cheating. Actually, "arms control through defense" surfaced among Herman Kahn and his colleagues in the early 1960s and was expounded for 15 years by Donald Brennan, who was in close contact with Freeman Dyson of the Institute for Advanced Study. Mr. Schell probably learned it from Mr. Dyson's *New Yorker* essays.

As indicated by your editorial reference to a 1960 paper by Fred Iklé, *all* concepts of nuclear war and peace are more than a generation old. Only the technology inexorably evolves, while the rhetoric festers.

B. Bruce-Briggs
Carlisle, Pa.

Free the Baltics

Ruth Inglis Matthews's article ["Sentence: Life," July 26] served as an excellent reminder about the fate of the three Baltic states of Estonia, Latvia, and Lithuania. I must, however, add a few words to pick up where Mrs. Matthews left off. It would be misleading to leave the impression that young Balts—in the West or under Soviet rule—have somehow become reconciled to the situation.

Activists in the Baltic states have been at the forefront of the Soviet dissident movement for the last decade. Opposition to the present regime ranges from thousands of Lithuanians signing petitions demanding religious rights for themselves and their children, to thousands of Estonian high-school students demonstrating in the streets of Tallinn, demanding "Freedom for Estonia." As Ludmilla Alexeyeva notes in her excellent, recently published book *Soviet Dissent*, "[The Estonian movement] is perhaps the only dissident movement in the USSR in which the majority are primarily high-school students . . ." The youth of the Soviet-occupied Baltic states have not forgotten.

Juta Ristsoo
New York, N.Y.

Fordham Fracas

Your editorial comment on the case that Phyllis Zagano is bringing against Fordham University ["The Week," July 26] is itself open to comment. It is true that Dr. George Gordon, chairman of the Communications Department when Dr. Zagano was denied renewal of her contract, has published in *Screw*, and for that I offer no defense. It is not true, however, that he made the decision not to rehire Phyllis Zagano. That decision required a vote of the tenured members of the department. Since the same department has chosen Dr. Trisha Curran, who is both a woman and a Catholic, to succeed Dr. Gordon, we may doubt whether its objection to Dr. Zagano was simply that she is a Catholic woman.

Father Joseph Fitzpatrick was "not allowed to testify" in Dr. Zagano's behalf only in the sense that the Faculty Hearing Committee, before which he appeared, was charged with considering one issue only: whether she had been denied "freedom of speech." When the committee learned that Father Fitzpatrick had nothing to say to that issue, it decided not to hear his prepared statement.

I know Dr. Zagano's side of the case because I helped her to prepare her appeal to the Tenure and Reappointment Appeals Committee. But, as I told her at the time, since I was not a member of that committee and therefore would not hear all the evidence presented to it, I did not know whether she was right or wrong. I still don't know. Neither do you. You only know what *she* says.

Your wonderment about "Fordham's attitudes toward women and Catholic values as well" is, to put it kindly, naïve. There is no valid inference from a single case to Fordham's attitudes toward women in general and Catholic values. You might also remember that hell hath no fury like an assistant professor scorned.

Francis Canavan, S.J.
Fordham University
Bronx, N.Y.

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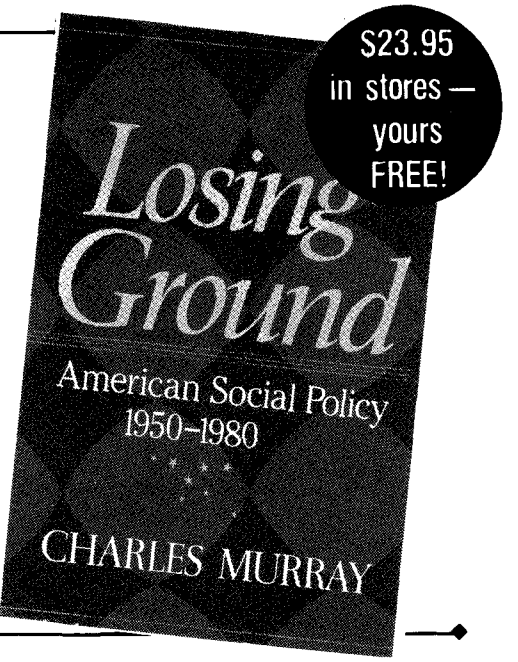
"Murray...has finally and unanswerably demolished both the moral and the practical claims of the welfare state"

—GEORGE GILDER, *The American Spectator*



This breakthrough book is making conservatives purr and liberals squirm . . .

"Murray's book, relentlessly logical and well-documented, should convince any serious reader that it must at least be squarely faced. . . . The heart of the book, the best and most devastating part, is a long compilation of data meant to prove that the poor have done worse as government programs aimed at them have flowered. It is especially uncomfortable reading because the case is made by comparing blacks to whites. . . . No doubt that racists will love Murray's book. So what? When millions of people are suffering, it seems irresponsible for the left to expend its intellectual energies on these blame-shifting exercises. . . . his is a vision that coheres, as the left's on this subject doesn't any more. . . . This is the problem that liberals must address; Murray's book in effect throws down the gauntlet to them. The standard responses (most of which Murray neatly sets up and demolishes) won't do, because they don't offer real hope of a solution."—*New Republic*

"Irrefutable."—John Chamberlain, syndicated column

"Without bile and without rhetoric, it lays out a stark truth that must be faced."—*Business Week*

"Devastating. . . . Those who already believe welfare is a poverty trap that undermines independence, ambition, and upward mobility will find Charles Murray's new book a powerful and well-documented affirmation of that belief."—*National Review*

"A great book. Others have recently made the same argument. . . . But Charles Murray's version . . . is particularly convincing. He writes with flair, but his tone is steadfastly nonpartisan; he marshals an immense amount of data . . . but never loses the reader in numbers; and he never ventures a conclusion for which he has not laid the most elaborate and convincing groundwork. . . . By the time Mr. Murray gets around to conclusions, even devotedly non-Reaganite yuppies will be ready to agree. . . . James Coleman, the University of Chicago sociologist, is quoted on the dust jacket . . . as saying 'future discussions of social policy cannot proceed without taking the arguments and evidence of this book into account.' Dust-jacket puffery is notorious, but in this case the compliment is, if anything, restrained. Mr. Murray's book is so well wrought that it is likely to dominate those discussions well into the 1980s."—*Wall Street Journal*

"Murray unabashedly asserts that slashing social spending is the greatest favor the Government can bestow upon the poor. . . . Conservatives have made that argument before, but no one has documented it as thoroughly as Murray does."—*Time*

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FOR THE RECORD

Is tax reform dead? Yes, conclude public-opinion polls that find (ABC News) only 26 per cent now in favor of it. NBC News poll shows people more interested in toxic-waste disposal, cutting federal deficit, and reducing unemployment than in tax reform. . . . But in House, **Dan Rostenkowski,** chairman of Ways and Means, says reform is still on track, but bill that will emerge won't look much like **Reagan** proposal. . . . Senate Finance Committee chairman **Robert Packwood** is less confident, predicts if there is a reform bill it won't pass till next spring or summer. . . . Sen. **David Durenberger** (R., Minn.) has proposed compromise measure to limit state- and local-tax deductibility to the amount *exceeding* 1 per cent of a taxpayer's adjusted gross income. . . . In **George Will**'s opinion, Reagan's proposal was a "plan for replacing today's rococo tax code with one that is merely baroque."

It's a long way to starting gate but early polls show **George Bush** way ahead with rank-and-file Republicans, **Jack Kemp** ahead with conservative activists in presidential stakes. Some figures: **Gallup** (June): Bush 53 per cent, **Baker (Howard)** 22, **Dole** 18, Kemp 10; **Field** poll (California, May): Bush 39, Dole 14, Baker 11, Kemp 9. But at Conservative Political Action Conference (March), it was Kemp 39, Bush 35, and at conference of College Republicans (May), Kemp 58, Bush 22. . . . In *Christian Science Monitor* Op-Ed piece, **Kevin Phillips** says Bush's best chance is if he goes into the 1988 campaign as President (i.e., Reagan has resigned, or is sidelined by illness). Phillips points out last sitting Vice President to be elected President was **Martin Van Buren** in 1836. Phillips feels Dole could be hot contender if he continues to nibble away at centrist Republicans who tend to support Howard Baker. . . . To **Evans & Novak**, Dole is clearly "the Senate's most interesting—if not yet provably most powerful—leader since **Lyndon Johnson**." . . . And from an unexpected source—**Robert Strauss**, that canny Texas Democrat—comes a major kudo for Kemp, who served on **Kissinger** Commission with Strauss. "[Kemp] was extremely well prepared when he came to our meetings. He showed a willingness to listen to reasoned arguments on every issue. He impressed us all."

Dickenson, *Punch* / Rothco

"Who's this Romanov who's resigned? I thought I'd shot them all in 1917."

Arthur Laffer, one of founding fathers of supply-side economics, has made it official: He will run against **Alan Cranston** in California next year. . . . Michigan Republicans, delighted at party switch of popular Wayne County Executive **William Lucas**, slightly sobered by *Detroit News* polls that show Democratic Gov. **James Blanchard** leading Lucas 54 to 31. . . . Private polls in Connecticut show Democratic former Rep. **Toby Moffett** running neck-and-neck with Democratic Gov. **William O'Neill**. Big question: Will **Lowell Weicker** enter race? . . . In Ohio former GOP Gov. **James Rhodes** is ready to run again for old job. Democratic Gov. **Dick Celeste** is in political hot water over savings & loans. . . . In Texas, **Bill Clements,** Republican, says he'll take on **Mark White**, who replaced him as governor. . . . No problems for Republicans in New Jersey this year: GOP Gov. **Thomas Kean** leads **Peter Shapiro,** 55 to 22 per cent. . . . In case you haven't heard, **Teddy Jr.** has taken himself out of race for **Tip O'Neill**'s seat when the Speaker bows out.

The Mexican press, according to *Christian Science Monitor*, was much surprised at U.S. press's surprise at irregularities in recent elections, pointing out that "there was no more fraud than usual." . . . Soviet evening-TV watchers were more than somewhat surprised last week when, for first time since start of Afghan war five years ago, battle footage of the war was shown. . . . Alas, no one in U.S. was much surprised when PBS's 25th-anniversary documentary on **Fidel Castro**'s revolution turned out to be, as *New York Times* TV critic **John Corry** pointed out, "an apology for Cuba." . . . Most critics agree that the book to read to be informed on the overthrow of the **Somoza** regime and the consolidation of Sandinista power is **Shirley Christian**'s *Revolution in the Family*. . . . *L'Express*, the French newsweekly, says **Robert Mugabe** has promised to send twenty thousand troops to help Marxist leader **Samora Machel** fight anti-Communist guerrillas in Mozambique. . . . North Korea's suggestion that it co-host 1988 Olympics with South Korea, with half of the games held in each country, has been slapped down by Olympic Committee. . . . And in China, the first regional airline to be chartered under the new dispensation is now operating in and out of Peking. It is called: Central China Non-Governmental Air Co.

Deadpan-of-the-Year Award to **Ted Turner**. When asked to discuss the aftermath of a nuclear conflict, he thought a while, then commented: "Nuclear war would really set back cable."

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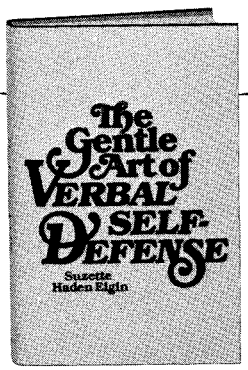
The Gentle Art of Verbal Self-Defense, originally $12.95, now costs only $6.95. And, should you want to return the book, you can do so and have your money refunded with no questions asked.

About the Author

Psycholinguist Suzette Haden Elgin has presented her innovative self-defense principles in a variety of formats. She has given workshops and seminars all over the U.S., including verbal self-defense sessions for doctors, lawyers, and other professionals. Dr. Elgin has also created a self-defense tape and a training manual for people who teach her self-defense techniques.



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THE WEEK

☐ After a coup in Uganda toppled Milton Obote, Idi Amin sent word that he was available to help restore order, should his country call. Meanwhile, in Haiti, Baby Doc Duvalier won re-election—for life—with a comfy 99.99 per cent of the vote. Now back to South Africa.

☐ If conservatives have had any doubts about the line-item veto, those doubts have been constitutional. Would it expand presidential power? Erode Congress's power of the purse? No need to worry any more. Ted Kennedy, that pillar of strict-constructionist virtue and paradigm of congressional parsimony, says it's OK. Seriously—in a recent Op-Ed piece, Senator Kennedy, who favors the line-item veto, voiced the decisive argument: The regular old veto worked perfectly well for years because for years no one, including by implication the Founders, contemplated a Federal Government spending a trillion dollars a year and doing it through a handful of arbitrarily stitched-together appropriations bills that together affect every aspect of American life. The line-item veto, we would add, would restore a presidential power that has been eviscerated by congressional extravagance that itself violates the spirit and in many ways the letter of the Constitution.

☐ Mainstream black lobbying groups and leadership organizations may be unwilling even to listen to criticisms of quotas or affirmative action coming from the Reagan Administration, but they are a lot more tolerant on their home turf. At its national conference in July, the Urban League listened quite patiently to a debate on quotas between black Harvard economist Glenn Loury, who opposes them, and Bernard Anderson, currently of Princeton, who argued for them. The majority of the Urban Leaguers, it seems, sided with Anderson, but they did treat seriously Loury's arguments that quotas undercut black self-confidence and promote prejudice and racial hostility.

☐ In 1981, the year of the last baseball strike, the average player earned $185,000. Today he earns $330,000, so it's not surprising that polls show a public unsympathetic to the players' latest financial demands. One muses on the now vanished days of Enos Slaughter and Dixie Walker, when dollar signs did not seem to be so much in the foreground of what after all is supposed to be a game. But there is a solution. If the players do strike for second Cadillacs and third homes, the team owners could simply call up their best farm-club performers, and play ball. There are good players in the minor leagues, and people like Winfield and Strawberry are not indispensable to a good time at the ballpark.

☐ House and Senate conferees agreed to production of a new nerve-gas shell to replace those in existing stockpiles, which were harder to store and handle. Critics of the program charged that the American action would provoke a chemical arms race. Tell that to the Afghans and the Laotians.

☐ Movies are America's collective unconscious, powerful shapers of attitudes and fantasies, so much so that sour misanthropes of the Left get worked up over the way they purvey wealth fantasies, class distinctions, and other opiates of the masses. But what about plain opiates? Drugs appear in contemporary movies as often as cocktail shakers in the high-life films of the Thirties. The Sunday supplement *Parade* counted sixty recent films, from teen junk (*Animal House*) to award-winning hits (*Terms of Endearment*), that featured drugs as casual props. Senator William Roth (R., Del.) has proposed congressional hearings; anti-drug groups have suggested a new rating, SA, for movies that show "substance abuse." Any phenomenon that appears in movies has gone long past the fad stage; to focus on its filmed manifestations is to treat

Sundown on the Veldt

The Czar was bad, but Reds are worse;
  Who wouldn't rather have the Shah?
Batista ruled as Cuba's curse,
  But Castro's a tarantula.
The best laid schemes, as Robert Burns
  Once pointed out, gang aft a-gley,
So if the Boer regime adjourns,
  Watch how the Russians come to prey.

W. H. von Dreele

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symptoms. But movies also react upon the social epidemics they carry, worsening and perpetuating them. Before Hollywood takes the next hit, it could take a look at itself.

☐ People laughed when a recent survey named Pittsburgh the nation's most livable city, but those familiar with the local tax codes were not surprised. Pittsburgh, along with five other Pennsylvania cities, has instituted innovative tax formulas that encourage downtown renewal while at the same time giving relief to most homeowners. This is done by taxing property at two different rates. Compare two properties, both valued at $100,000. One is a vacant lot, the other has 80 per cent of its value in a new building. Under a conventional 2 per cent property tax, both would incur taxes of $2,000 a year. But in Pittsburgh, where land taxes are four times as high as building taxes, the owner of the vacant lot pays a substantially higher tax bill than the owner of the building. The code thus creates an incentive to develop the downtown areas. By the third year of the plan, construction in Pittsburgh was up by 600 per cent. These reforms are described in a new film by the Center for Public Dialogue, in Kensington, Maryland. City managers from around the nation would do well to give it a screening. And, by the way, Henry George (1839-1897) told us this system would work a hundred years ago.

☐ Anatoly Shcharansky, serving 12 years (seven and five: seven in a labor camp, five in internal exile). Yuri Orlov, convicted of "anti-Soviet agitation and propaganda" in 1978, still in prison. Iosif Begun, sentenced to seven and five in 1983. Andrei Sakharov, in exile or in prison or dead, in Gorki. Three Helsinki monitors who have died in labor camps. Of the twenty original Soviet monitors of the Helsinki Accords in Moscow only two are alive and not in labor camp or in exile, and even one of those—Naum Meiman—is in a sense a prisoner: Authorities refuse to permit him or his wife, who is dying of cancer, to emigrate to Israel. Moscow's Helsinki Watch is no more. It had no choice but to fold, Meiman explains: "There were too few of us left and we couldn't take young members because we knew in a short time they too would be arrested." In Helsinki on August 1, George Shultz, new Soviet Foreign Minister Eduard Shevardnadze, and 33 other foreign ministers of the signatory nations gathered to celebrate the tenth anniversary of the Helsinki Accords.

☐ WHAT: The 12th World Youth Festival! Sponsored by the World Federation of Democratic Youth! WHEN: July 12 to August 3! WHERE: Moscow! THEME: "For anti-imperialist solidarity, peace, and friendship"! REFRESHMENTS: Erratic! Sales of vodka were cut back, but the authorities brought in eighty freight cars of ice cream, and stores were filled with exotic items—sausages! fruit! shoes! (Not shoes for eating, though in Moscow, who knows!) TRANSPORTATION: 2,500 new taxis added to Moscow's streets! Buses rerouted! City closed off to all outside traffic! WHAT TO SEE: "Here in the native land of the great Lenin, you can see for yourselves how deeply our youth is dedicated to the lofty ideals of humanism, peace, and socialism"! (Mikhail Gorbachev, host!) WHO WASN'T THERE: A million or so residents, cleared out for the occasion! To say nothing of dissidents! WHO WAS THERE: Cubans! Nicaraguans! Salvadoran rebels! A clutch of Grenadians wearing Maurice Bishop T-shirts! WHO ELSE: Three hundred Americans, including Jesse Jackson Jr.! Brenda King (Martin Luther's daughter)! Representative John Conyers's legislative assistant! (Some other Americans who had good words for the festival: Andrew Young! Harold Washington! Representatives Crockett! Owens! Hawkins! Dellums!) IN CASE OF ILLNESS: Moscow doctors were even briefed on how to handle AIDS!

☐ Imagine having so much money that you can think of nothing better to do than lend it to Peru. That's how much money a lot of banks had during the inflationary 1970s, and the left-wing junta that ruled Peru back then was only too glad to part them from it. The money flowed into Lima by the billions, closely followed by the political pilgrims eager to help construct the New Socialist Man. Then the money ran out and so did the leftists. Now Peru is in effect repudiating its debt (it will pay 10 per cent of its export income), and the only sanction the banks can apply to it is to refuse to lend it any more money, which is the same sort of sanction a cat has against a hot stove. Still, that sanction is apparently enough to keep the average Latin debtor in line, but Peru sags far below even that depressed average, having fewer ties to the developed world, and facing a guerrilla insurgency that is cutting tourism and other sources of export income. The rest of Latin America will be watching closely to see whether it's possible to get along without the bankers' pieces-of-eight, but the odds are that the Peruvian economy will soon be, like its most famous Inca attractions, a picturesque ruin.

☐ Things keep popping in the new climate of freedom in China. A thousand applicants showed up for the first nude modeling job since the revolution, and doctors successfully fashioned a nose out of a pig's ear for an unfortunate fellow whose original nose had been chewed off by a rat in darker revolutionary days. Some of the bureaucrats are holding out, however. The Chinese equivalent of FDA types have seized 110 pounds of medicinal toad oil, muttering the usual sort of FDA reasons.

☐ Why is it that: Japanese can buy American-grown lemons for less than Americans can; foreign lemon

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LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

THE DON REGAN flap has blown halfway out to sea, where it hangs uncertainly. The trouble started when the chief-of-staff took such decisive control of the government during the President's hospitalization as to leave the impression with some people, notably the press and White House second- and third-tier staffers, that he considered himself "Mr. Prime Minister." For the first five days of the President's convalescence, he denied access to nearly everyone but the First Lady and himself. (What got less notice was that Nancy Reagan was calling the shots on the access question.

The clouds really began to gather for Regan when the story broke that he had asked the Vice President to stay at his Kennebunkport, Maine, vacation home on Saturday, the day of the President's surgery, whither Mr. Bush had gone after a grueling overseas trip. Regan was only acting on the President's own directive, as it later turned out. "I said to Don, tell George to stay where he is," the President later disclosed to Hugh Sidey. "He's in as much contact there [Maine] as he would be here. I said, tell him to stay there and not to break up his weekend simply because I'm going to have this little thing snipped."

The Bush people say that Regan initially urged Bush to stay at Kennebunkport, not only because the President so advised, but also because a precipitate return to Washington by the Vice President on Saturday would magnify in the public mind the seriousness of the President's surgery. Later on Saturday, however, Regan yielded on the point, agreeing with Bush that the Vice President would look cavalier—even frivolous—if, after the Twenty-Fifth Amendment had been invoked making him Acting President for what turned out to be eight hours, he had stayed insouciantly in Maine.

Then there was the photo rap, another bummer. The White House had photographed the bathrobed and slippered President at the Bethesda Naval Hospital, with head thrown back and engulfed in laughter, George Bush sitting nearby and Don Regan off to the side. When the picture was printed, one version showed all three men, a second only Reagan and Bush. The press story had it that Regan told Larry Speakes to hand out the one with himself included. "Baloney," a White House eyewitness told Cato. "Regan gave both photos to Speakes and told him to hand out whatever he wanted." Speakes distributed both versions.

But then there was Regan's berating of Congress before the U.S. Chamber of Commerce on the sixth day of Reagan's recovery. Mr. Regan accused Congress of being "afraid to come to grips with [federal spending]. I challenge them to do it." For the Federal Government to head into a fiscal year without a budget is "disgraceful," he declared. "How ridiculous can you get?" It was a bravura performance, evincing anger, if not temper. The Washington press corps leapt to life, demanding by what right an unelected official could so criticize elected members of Congress. In point of fact, they stressed, it was the President who had reversed himself on Social Security, leaving those Republican senators who had voted in favor of a COLA freeze to twist slowly in the wind. Majority Leader Bob Dole was justly vexed at this White House about-face engineered by Trent Lott and Jack Kemp, who had persuaded Ronald Reagan and Donald Regan that a COLA freeze would go nowhere in Congress and would, moreover, amount to political suicide in the 1986 elections. Whereupon Messrs. Reagan and Regan pulled the rug out from under the Senate Republicans.

The President's *Time* interview did much to rehabilitate Regan. "Don's carrying out the things that I have said," he told Hugh Sidey. "I've witnessed no grabs for power on the part of anyone." But in an interview with John McLaughlin, the First Lady was noncommittal about Regan, letting a couple of easy opportunities to exonerate or praise him glide right past her. Asked whether Mr. Regan was, in fact, acting like a prime minister, she replied, "I don't get into anything like that really. I would have no idea if that's true or not true. I'm busy trying to take care of my husband."

The consensus in Washington is that Don Regan will survive this bump in the road, and that much of his trouble is due to the Washington press corps' pack instinct. But the storm has not wholly passed. Mr. Regan continues to borrow trouble, like his late July visit to Capitol Hill to announce that the President would not support an oil import fee of $5 per barrel devised by Republican House and Senate conferees, coupled with an alternate-year Social Security COLA. "We've made our decision," Regan said, adding almost tauntingly, "Now it's up to the House and the Senate to see what they can do on the rest of the budget." The politic Jim Baker would have found another way to let the Administration's views become known. —CATO

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growers can undersell American growers and still get prices well over world markets; and half a billion American lemons are left to rot on the trees? The answer: obscure federal regulations that give the giant Sunkist cartel effective control over the domestic lemon industry, which Sunkist uses to prevent non-cartel growers from getting government permission to harvest their crops, and also to prevent the introduction of shrink-wrap technology that would permit lengthy storage of fresh lemons so they could be sold in summer, at peak demand time. News to us, too. But the result is no surprise: a near monopoly for Sunkist, and gouge prices as much as 40 per cent over free-market rates. Winners: Sunkist and foreign lemon growers. Losers: non-cartel American growers and consumers.

□ A storm of controversy has erupted in Moscow over the answers of three hundred elementary-school children to a theme topic, "How I want to live when I grow up." It seems the materialistic little hoodlums were planning to live well. They talked about buying Zhiguli sedans and dachas in the Crimea, traveling abroad, wearing foreign-made clothes, and such. All quite bourgeois and a perfect reflection of the values of the *Nomenklatura*, the Soviet ruling class, as opposed to its official line about its selfless

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self. What the other 99 per cent of the Soviet people think about it is not reported. They are too busy standing in line for bad sausage and cabbages to have time to reflect on such matters.

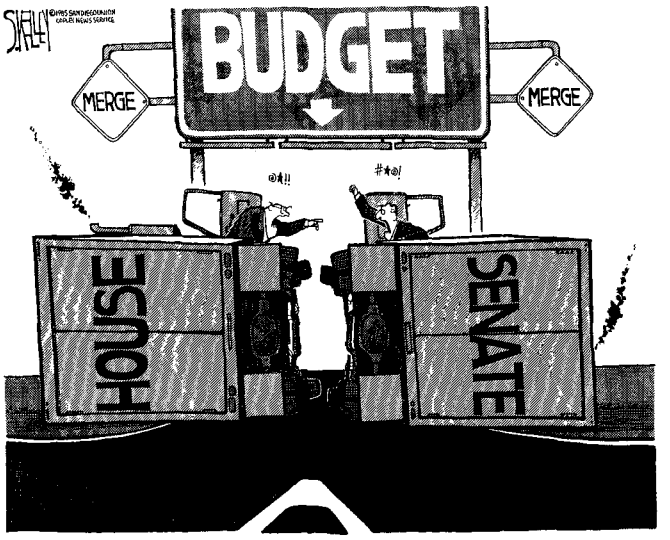
☐ The Chinese, meanwhile, have done some reorganizing in a more promising direction, dropping required Marxist courses from university curricula because students have "lost interest." The students are reportedly "turning in droves to capitalist economic theory, business management, and law."

☐ The city of Peking becomes the latest in China to hike commodity prices, mainly food, significantly, i.e., toward market levels, in preparation for switching to a market economy. If this sort of thing is carried through, the people of Peking will soon be eating very well. Moscow, in contrast, decrees far more prohibitionist, anti-market controls on booze, the one commodity that can make proletarian paradise tolerable. What will happen when the working class—not to mention the CP itself—sobers up, is unclear, but it will be interesting.

☐ MEDICAL NOTES, *or* COUÉISM ON THE MARCH: The number of dog bites in New York City has decreased since 1973. However, the number of human bites is up for the sixth straight year, with 1,593 cases reported.

Feelgood Politics

THE HOUSE and the Senate have now passed bills imposing various kinds of sanctions on South Africa, and the Administration is thought to be willing to sign them into law. This ought to be called the Genocide Promotion Act of 1985. Its only effect can be to raise even higher the present high temperature of South Africa, encouraging radical elements among the black population to believe that they can seize power through violence. Such belief will run into an immovable object. There is no chance whatsoever that the white minority will hand over its power and its property to a Nelson Mandela. The whites have the power and the will to say no. In the real world,



which is only intermittently recognized by the U.S. Congress, the sanctions move in the direction of only one probable result: a lot of bodies lying around, most of them black. The "idealism" of Congress and the White House has a price. The obscenity is that others will have to pay it.

The Administration in its fatuity has also demanded that the South African government lift its "state of emergency." (It said nothing against the far more stringent state of emergency renewed at about the same time, and with less justification, in Zimbabwe.) The South Africans are not dealing with lunch-counter sit-ins. On May 6, the African National Congress broadcast the following message to South Africa, in English, from Communist-held Ethiopia:

> Ambushes must be prepared for policemen and soldiers . . . with the aim of capturing weapons from them. Our people must also manufacture homemade bombs and petrol bombs with material that can be locally obtained. In addition, our people must also buy weapons where possible.
>
> After arming themselves in this manner, our people must begin to identify collaborators and enemy agents and deal with them. Those collaborators who are serving in the community councils must be dealt with. Informers, policemen, special-branch police, and army personnel living and working among our people must be eliminated.

Those are the orders whose consequences we have seen on television: a black man, "suspected of being a police informer," cowering on the ground while Bishop Tutu pleaded with a black mob for his life; a black woman, similarly "suspected," soaked with gasoline by other blacks and set afire. Bishop Tutu was so shaken by these events that he warned: "If that happens again, I am going to collect my family and leave this country that I love."

Of course, black intransigence did not arise *ex nihilo*. The current manifestation stems largely from the official treatment of urban blacks. The government has never been able to fit them into any of its all-too-neat schemes. They are where they are and will stay.

It's So Simple

We don't want a wall in the style of Berlin's;
Just something to show where the border begins,
Plus beefed-up patrols that can languidly net
All tourists who like to arrive wringing wet.

W. H. VON DREELE

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Yet the government acts as though they could or should go away any moment: It affects that they are all citizens of remote Bantustans, which they may never even have seen. These blacks have scarcely any rights where they actually live. Yet they are the great majority of South African blacks; they are needed in urban areas, and, in turn, they depend on urban jobs. They are understandably dissatisfied with the policies of the white government. What should that government do about them? What should we do?

In the short run the South African government has done the only sensible thing: It is rigorously and forcefully trying to repress rioting and to prevent the murder, by burning, of allegedly pro-government blacks. No government could govern and meet its responsibilities in any other way in this situation.

What about the long run? In the last ten years South Africa has reduced the hardships of apartheid more than in the previous thirty. But much remains to be done. White powerholders will have to convince at least a sizable number of blacks that it is in their interest to support the government and its policies.

That government has been able to produce stability, law, order, and security, for blacks as well as whites —more of all these and, yes, of individual liberty— than any other African government; and surely more than any black successor government of South Africa would be likely to produce. The only way to prevent South Africa from becoming another Mozambique, Angola, or Uganda is for blacks to support (however critically) the current South African government and to push for a slow and steady pace of peaceful reform. The South African government cannot be expected simply to give the franchise to blacks so as to be overwhelmingly voted out in favor of successors who, despite the usual promises, would not be democratic and would surely harm not only whites but blacks as well.

So what should American policy be? Sanctions won't destabilize the government—they have never been successful, and, though they are a nuisance, the South African government would be able to defy them indefinitely. In the process it would become more inflexible, less inclined to reform. Meanwhile, sanctions would delay industrialization and lead to black unemployment. Indeed, sanctions would increase the unrest and the violence that are now being used to lead us to impose them. This is probably the secret agenda of most advocates of sanctions. Yet sanctions could not create enough unrest actually to endanger the government.

As the country becomes more and more industrialized (a process we should help along) and more and more blacks play more and more important roles in the industrial economy, the black middle class will be strengthened. It should be allowed to vote and to have political representation, even if only in a separate chamber with limited powers to begin with. The franchise might be extended first to blacks who pay taxes exceeding, say, $2,000, and to those having a college degree from an accredited school. From there on the group of franchised blacks should slowly be extended until, over a long period, it includes most, and finally all, non-whites.

Why No Compromise?

As the budget/deficit debate rattles on endlessly without any measurable progress, many of us are tempted to throw up our hands and ask: Why can't the two sides come to some reasonable compromise? Why won't the Reaganauts agree to trade off one dollar of new taxes for two or three dollars of spending cuts? Wouldn't they come out ahead?

This oft-posed question has a whole series of answers. Here is one. All "tax hikes" really hike taxes, but many "spending cuts" are only promises or intentions or yearnings to cut spending. A tax hike passes into statutory law at a given instant, but a budget resolution, like a New Year's resolution, need not bind the maker. Congress is famous, for example, for achieving "cuts" in the food-stamp program simply by underestimating the amount the program will cost; when the money runs out nine months into the fiscal year, it is then forced to pass a supplemental appropriation, budget resolution or no. In many programs, the lawmakers have given recipients a legal right to sue if the money is not forthcoming.

Put differently, tax hikes are typically permanent while spending cuts tend to be at best temporary. Imagine a hostage exchange in which a named prisoner is traded for a pledge of, say, lifelong good behavior by the other side. This is the equivalent of a budget deal in which a tax hike is enacted in exchange for a pledge to do away permanently with a chunk of spending. It is much easier to come back in a couple of years and reinstate the spending than to repeal the tax.

There is one sort of spending cut that might serve as the basis of a real, rather than a spurious, compromise, because it carries some of the same finality as a tax hike. That occurs when Congress changes an underlying statute so as to curtail eligibility for a benefit or cut back on an agency's official mission. And that is the one sort of cut that Tip O'Neill's Democrats are least willing to consider, which is one reason the budget standoff continues.

Shultz-Bashing

This is the summer of festering conservative discontent. When there were lulls and disappointments during the first Reagan term, growls arose about Baker, Deaver, and Darman, who were allegedly pre-

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venting Reagan from being Reagan. The Administration was caving in on a tax hike. Violations of SALT II were being ignored. Policy regarding Poland was an enigma. Drift.

Well, Baker, Deaver, and Darman are gone. Donald Regan and even Pat Buchanan are in place. And here we are, dismantling a Poseidon to conform with SALT II. Not a thing was done about the murder of Major Nicholson. Not a thing has been done about the murder of Robert Stethem by the hijackers. It's business as usual in the terrorist camps of the Bekaa Valley. (François Mitterrand was tougher: The French bombed the Bekaa and their nationals have since been let alone.) The Administration was strangely passive during the appropriations fight over Star Wars, funding was reduced, and rumors circulate that George Shultz and Robert McFarlane are going to sell out on Star Wars in exchange for a cosmetic reduction in Soviet warheads. The forthcoming summit meeting with Gorbachev appears to be politically stacked in his favor. He at least has an agenda: ending Star Wars. Our agenda appears to consist only of a vague desire for "peace."

The Pentagon issues ridiculous pronunciamentos explaining why it cannot use force here, there—anywhere? It seems to have a George McClellan complex.

Which brings us to Secretary of State George Shultz. Now, George Shultz has never been in danger of being mistaken for Julius Caesar. But Shultz has now given a tough speech at Helsinki, and he was one of the hard-liners within the Administration on the recent hostage affair. Shultz wants to hit back. So does Secretary of Education William Bennett. Reflect on that. The Secretary of Education took a tougher position than the Pentagon. Shultz is entirely absorbed by the State Department apparatus, but he is not the source of the trouble.

Someone is supposed to be in charge down there.

Liability Nightmare

ITEM: A man sticks his two-year-old son's head between the running blades of a ceiling fan—and then sues the manufacturer for failing to warn him the child might be injured.

"Item: A company that had manufactured textile machinery for 136 years goes out of business because of the costs of liability lawsuits over equipment it had manufactured decades earlier.

"Item: After deciding that a drug a woman had taken during pregnancy was not responsible for her child's birth defects, a jury awarded her damages anyway—to help defray medical costs of the child's future care."

These horror stories, culled by a Heritage Foundation researcher, show why product-liability law has become a menace to more than just the Manvilles and Union Carbides of the world. Even without a single obvious disaster, the case-by-case costs of litigation can drive small companies to the wall. Heritage analyst Milton Copulos says 20 per cent of the cost of an ordinary stepladder is traceable to past, present, and future liability.

Sad to say, the horror stories are not mere flukes; each one illustrates a principle of law. The ceiling-fan case is just one example of how courts are disallowing the traditional defense of contributory negligence. Another such case involved a man who strapped a refrigerator to his back and ran a stunt footrace. One of the straps failed, and he collected $1 million from the strap manufacturer.

The textile-machinery case shows how a company can be assessed damages for injuries caused by long-forgotten, impossible-to-track-down products. The drug case typifies the new doctrine of generic liability, under which a consumer who suffers side-effects after taking a pill and cannot remember which brand he took can successfully sue *all* the makers of the compound in question.

The big winners—did you have any doubt?—are the lawyers. A Rand study found that a typical court case cost $380,000, of which $125,000 went to the defense lawyers, $114,000 to the plaintiff's lawyers, and $141,000 in net compensation to the plaintiff.

One of the ironies of the liability spiral is that in some areas it is making life more risky as well as more expensive. Sears was sued by a heart-attack victim who claimed that its lawnmower starter cord was too hard to pull; but rectifying this "defect" would make it easier for children to endanger themselves by activating the machines. Edmund Kitch, writing in a recent issue of *Regulation*, tells how liability for rare side-effects is driving many manufacturers out of the vaccine market, even in cases where united medical opinion agrees that the vaccines do more good than harm overall.

The diphtheria-tetanus-whooping-cough vaccine for children now costs $2.80 a dose and rising, up from ten cents a while back. Worse yet is the problem of "orphan vaccines." Although medical research continues to progress toward the hope of vaccines against AIDS and herpes, Kitch says that "testing and obtaining regulatory clearance for such vaccines is not currently of interest to any potential producer. Those invisible non-litigants who would benefit from new vaccines are probably the most dramatic victims of the threat of product-liability law."

Smeal Time

THE STRUGGLE for the presidency of the National Organization for Women pitted Eleanor Smeal, a former president, against the incumbent, Judy Goldsmith, a former Smeal protégée. It turned on degrees

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of fanaticism. Ms. Goldsmith thinks Ronald Reagan is the "enemy of American womanhood." Ms. Smeal thinks that formulation too moderate. Ms. Smeal won in a cliff-hanger.

NR has a special angle on these momentous developments, in that senior editor Jeffrey Hart now feels required to drop his opposition to the Equal Rights Amendment, a desperate move. The story goes as follows.

In the spring of 1984, Ms. Smeal published a book entitled *Women Will Elect the Next President*, which in a sense turned out to be prophetic, since Reagan won by a landslide among women, but that was not what Ms. Smeal had in mind. She thought that women would vote massively for the Democratic candidate because of issues like abortion, comparable worth, child care, care of the elderly, and so forth. In his capacity as a syndicated columnist anxious to report on all stirrings, our amiable senior editor interviewed the feminist author at the Yale Club in New York City, in the company of her publicity woman from Harper & Row.

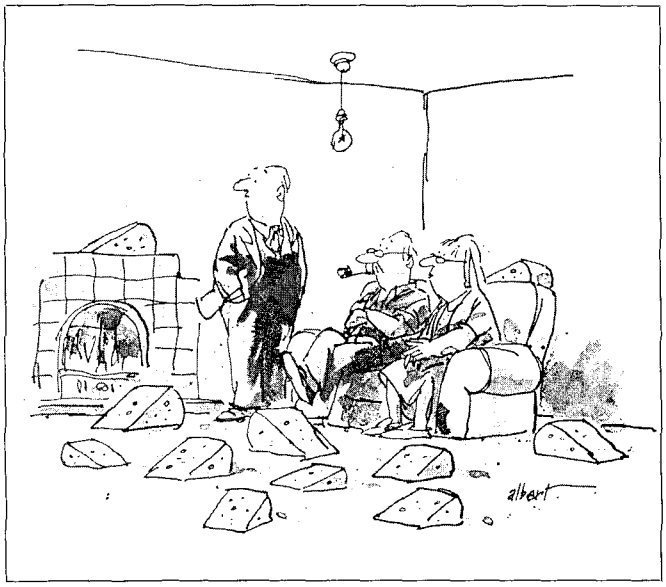
Ms. Smeal was certain that Mondale would swamp Reagan on a tidal wave of women's votes. Mr. Hart decided to give Ms. Smeal a chance to make some easy money on this theory and offered to put $100 on the nose of Ronald Reagan. Ms. Smeal leaped at the opportunity offered by this poor sucker and put $100, even money, on Mondale. Hart even bought her another drink. The transaction was duly witnessed.

After the election, Hart's male Mondale bettors—they had all demanded steep odds—paid off honorably. Some of their checks went into the mail the very next day. To be sure, none of them had written a book called *Women Will Elect the Next President.*

Ms. Smeal welched. Friendly notes, followed by return-receipt-requested letters threatening a small-claims suit, went unanswered. Poof! Ms. Smeal was simply unreachable. No doubt she was too busy telling everyone else how to live up to their moral obligations. Mr. Hart is sitting in the corner and wearing a pointed dunce cap. He now realizes that when you do business with one of these idealists you are likely to be screwed.

And that is why he is coming out for the Equal Rights Amendment, though he does not see much merit in it otherwise.

He thinks that a constitutional amendment may be required to oblige Ms. Smeal to behave as honorably as a man.



Albert, *Punch* / Rothco

"We haven't got a mousetrap. We're hoping the cholesterol might kill them."

Tenure for the Boss?

IN NEW YORK, it's well-nigh impossible to sack an incompetent subway or dock worker. If the state legislature gets its way, another group of New Yorkers will soon enjoy the same sort of calcified job security: corporate management. The lawmakers have just passed a bill that would make it hard for stockholders to fire incumbent executives by tendering their shares to takeover "raiders."

Other states are considering such legislation as well, and needless to say the most active lobbyists are incumbent managers who don't want to have to compete for shareholders' loyalty. They have picked up some support from labor unions and local activists, who complain that raiders often close the unprofitable operations of the companies they buy; and from members of the media establishment, who don't want Ted Turner or Rupert Murdoch coming in with another hostile bid for CBS.

Our friends at the *Wall Street Journal* defend the takeover process, messy as it is, by invoking Joseph Schumpeter's rough-and-tumble theory of "creative destruction." But they concede too much. Takeovers are creative, all right, but they are not very destructive. The only sure costs of a corporate raid are the "frictional" transaction costs of paying the lawyers, printing the documents, and preoccupying the managers. These costs are swamped over the long term by the economic impact of a change in management. All the evidence suggests that the average raider improves corporate performance, as measured by stock price, which is why he can afford to outbid the incumbent management in the takeover "auction." Plant closings can help in this process—this is where Schumpeter's creative destruction comes in—but most plant closings are not caused or even speeded up by takeovers.

Back in Fabian days, H. G. Wells and G. B. Shaw used to claim that capitalism wasted resources in idle paper-pushing. The society of the future would put to useful work the energy squandered on such activities as advertising, stockbroking, banking, and insurance. Nowadays, when even Communist regimes have found

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Budgetless in Washington

The sacred cows still roam the streets
As if it were Bombay,
And pork's still stuffed in barrels as
It was in Webster's day.
In August, legislators leave,
Since senators still sweat,
But back home they get cranky when
Constituents talk debt.

W. H. VON DREELE

it necessary to set up the Moscow Narodny Bank and the People's Insurance Company of China—and when a Shanghai stock market is being talked of seriously—it is more generally realized that some transaction costs are inescapable if economic decisions are to be made rationally. Dollar-for-dollar, the transaction costs of raids are a bargain compared with the other ways stockholders might change management, including proxy fights and suchlike cumbersome methods. They are even more of a bargain compared with the industrial stagnation that would result if changing management were impossible.

Good News from El Salvador

THE REASON we have heard so little from El Salvador in recent months is that things are improving. The Salvadoran army has reined in the death squads, and the Communist guerrillas, under pressure, have become more desperate. Although figures from the U.S. Embassy and the archdiocese of San Salvador differ markedly (they accuse each other of slanting the statistics; contradictions stem from differences in defining a particular incident as a human-rights abuse or a result of combat), it is undeniable that the killing of civilians by the "security forces" has declined dramatically.

Alvaro Magaña, who was interim president of El Salvador while the present government was being formed, attributes the diminution of the death squads to the advent of democracy. "There have been a lot of forces at play in El Salvador that made [the armed forces] change completely. But the basic change has been in Salvadoran society and in what people expect from the armed forces." Magaña added that as far as the United States' role is concerned, it is U.S. support for the Duarte government (including military aid) that has contributed to the change in climate, not the threats of an aid cutoff that the Administration's critics have encouraged.

Another encouraging sign is that Americas Watch, a human-rights group that normally focuses on non-Communist abuses, has begun to notice the guerrillas. Americas Watch vice chairman Aryeh Neier, writing in the *New York Times* last month, listed as examples of Communist-inspired terrorism assassinations of right-wing politicians, the kidnapping of mayors in rebel-occupied outlands, and the June 19 killing of four Marines and nine civilians in San Salvador. Brutality by the Communist rebels is nothing new. Throughout 1984, they conscripted thousands of young Salvadorans to serve in their army. But now, at least, their pattern of terror is being acknowledged.

Hail Henry!

WHEN HENRY REGNERY ascended to the podium, he seemed genuinely puzzled that so many were gathered for a dinner in his honor. But for the four hundred who attended the black-tie affair at Washington's Mayflower Hotel it was a small gesture compared to what they owed to the publisher who has nurtured the conservative intellectual movement from its infancy.

The gala event was sponsored by the Young America's Foundation and the Intercollegiate Studies Institute, and the program included speeches by Regnery-published authors Russell Kirk, John Chamberlain, Donald Lambro, and Juliana Pilon. The irrepressible Stan Evans, as master of ceremonies, dropped his usual verbal firecrackers throughout the evening. An upbeat Jack Kemp delivered the main address, looking and sounding presidential. Alfred Regnery gave a touching account of what it is like having Henry Regnery not as a publisher but as a father.

Few men have played such crucial roles in the midwifing of American conservatism as Henry Regnery. After co-founding *Human Events* in 1944, he went on to start the publishing house now known as Regnery Gateway. Over the years Regnery has been the clearinghouse for various currents of conservative thought. Seminal books include Russell Kirk's *The Conservative Mind*, which can be said to have launched the intellectual conservative movement, and William F. Buckley Jr.'s *God and Man at Yale*, as a legacy of which we have today 75 or so conservative campus newspapers nationwide. Current titles from Regnery Gateway include *Bad News: The Foreign Policy of the New York Times*, by Russ Braley; *The Coercive Utopians: Social Deception by America's Power Players*, by Rael Jean and Erich Isaac; and *Falwell: Before the Millennium*, by Dinesh D'Souza.

In his written remarks about his old friend, Bill Buckley (who was out of the country) said, "His was a small operation, but all engaged in it were bound by enthusiasm: the awful intellectual and moral itch to get out a point of view being smothered by the Procrusteans who totally dominated the cultural scene in those days. They came in through Henry Regnery—not only Russell Kirk, and Richard Weaver,

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and Freda Utley: but such surprises as Thomas Aquinas. His tenacity, shrewdness, and love of the great ideals did a lot to turn this country around."

—LAURA INGRAHAM

NOTES & ASIDES

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Did you get this idea from the Communist *Daily World*?

"Mengele's grave has been identified for two weeks now, and the President has not yet visited it." (NATIONAL REVIEW, July 12, 1985.)

"I hope the President makes absolutely certain that the body in question is Mengele—before he decides to place a wreath on his grave." (*Daily World*, June 18, 1985.)

No reply necessary. I just wondered.

Sincerely,
John D. Boland
Godfrey, Ill.

Dear Mr. Boland: That sure was a hell of a coincidence! Cordially, WFB

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

My students report that you are pressing for the canonization of the late Senator McCarthy of Wisconsin, on the grounds that two leftist pinkos, praying at his tomb, have been converted into right-wing Republicans.

Please confirm.

Sincerely yours,
John E. Morby
Professor of History
California State University
Hayward, Calif.

Dear Professor Morby: Your students have a lot to learn. Good luck. Cordially, WFB

☐ Memo to: WFB
From: Johannes Eff

Firing Line Guest: Blackford Oakes

WFB: By special arrangement with the CIA,
And as heavily disguised as filet
Mignon at a vegetarian cookout,
Blackford Oakes no doubt will soon get a book out
On how he manages to keep his skin,
As he shuttles from retributive violations in
Queenly beds,
To colorful reductions in the absolute number of
Cuban Reds.
BO: I've got a bone to pick with you, Buckley;
Luck'ly
For you, I have a lighter side.
WFB: Look, I saved your hide
Every time you got into a mess;
Gave you travel, adventure, gourmet fare, obligatory
sex, yes?
To say nothing of true love, a *raison d'être*, large
shoes to fill . . .
BO: Those crummy titles—Nowheresville:
See You Later Alligator has no pizazz, no life.
WFB (*sobbing*): *The Spy Who Came in from the Cold* was taken. Ask my wife.
BO: And as for *Who's on First*—I'm ashamed to
show my ID card at spy conventions.
WFB: My intentions
Were good.
BO: I would
Have gone with *Stained Grass*, *Shaving the Queen*, *The Story of Henry Iacocca*. More panache.
Also more cash.
WFB: Rusher gave each title his personal *nihil obstat.*
BO: And Rickenbacker checked them for hoof-and-
mouth disease, after that?
WFB: Priscilla's to blame: She gave me a copy of
John Braine's book on novel-writing low
Down, a couple of years ago.
BO: I'm fed up, Buckley. I get an electric title for
the next one or, I mean,
I'm switching over to Graham Greene.

—JOHANNES EFF

Dear Johannes: Sorry about all that. The next one (April 1986) will be called *High Jinx*. Made to order, dear Johannes, for your wacky Funversations. Cordially, Bill

☐ Dear Mr. Buckley:

Educated Dutchmen do not speak Flemish ["On the Right," June 28], as Flemish is not a language. They speak educated Dutch.

Met vriendelijke groeten,
John Savastio
West Chester, Pa.

☐ Dear Bill:

After much turning and twisting to avoid further depth-charging, the powers that be at the Harvard Faculty Club have seen fit to include NATIONAL REVIEW among the magazines displayed in the reading room.

PERTINACIA OMNIA VINCIT.

Cordially,
John C. MacLean
Cambridge, Mass.

Dear John: Congratulations! Now would you please take on the terrorists? Cordially, **—WFB**

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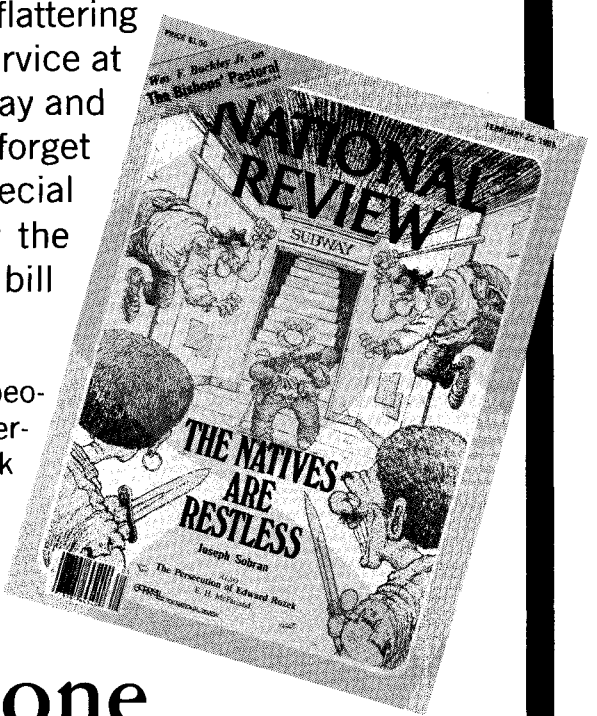

NR makes an ideal gift for hard-to-please people—it's a year-long reminder of your interest (not to mention an indication that you think they are interesting people too). Again, don't forget the young people you care about: conservative ideas are back in style on the campus, so NR should be doubly welcome now.

So pick up the phone and dial that toll-free number

You can use it to place your personal order any time from 8 a.m. to 9 p.m. (Eastern Daylight Time). All gifts just $29 each, for which we'll bill you later.

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SOCIAL-AGENDA HEADACHES

Attorney General Ed Meese is taking the social issues—abortion, crime, busing, quotas—off the back burner and, in so doing, turning up the heat in Ronald Reagan's political kitchen. Meese's Supreme Court challenge will be the long-postponed catalytic confrontation within the GOP, between those who want the conservative social agenda to be the centerpiece of future Republican outreach, and those who don't even want it on the table.

The GOP dilemma is this: Southern and Midwestern evangelicals and urban ethnics (many Catholics) have been quitting the Democrats and joining the GOP, largely because of the Republicans' conservative social agenda. Without social issues, the GOP today commands about 40 per cent of the electorate; with social issues, it has a majority. Numbers aren't the whole story. "The New Right and the Christian Right are the voters who get most turned on," notes one conservative political analyst. "Their power as campaigners far exceeds their numbers."

The other horn of the dilemma is this: Reagan's 1984 victory also owed a lot to his overwhelming young-voter appeal. But on many social issues—including abortion—young voters (especially the Republicans) are more libertarian than conservative. These voters are "pro-choice on everything," notes John Buckley, press secretary to presidential aspirant Congressman Jack Kemp.

"This demographic bulge is where the battle for the majority party is going to be fought," Buckley has observed, referring to the 94 million Americans between 18 and 39 (who outnumber the seventy million over 39). Republicans can attract them, he says, by playing down the social issues and playing up the economic and defense issues. Libertarianism is especially popular among tomorrow's managerial elite, typically a Republican stratum. One Harvard Business School professor, D. Quinn Mills, estimates that 60 per cent of young executives see themselves as libertarians, 35 per cent as conservatives.

Tactically speaking, how has Ronald Reagan hitherto handled this dilemma? Candidate Reagan ran on the Republican right-to-life platform. President Reagan authored a journal article (later published as a book), "Abortion and the Conscience of the Nation," on the sickening scale of mass abortion in the United States. That's how Reagan treated social issues at the level of talk. Action was a different story; namely, precious little. In fact abortion typifies the President's all-talk, little-action approach to social issues.

Or so it seemed until Attorney General Ed Meese weighed in. In mid-July the Justice Department filed a brief in a case before the Supreme Court, one that challenges *Roe* v. *Wade*, the Court's decision that legalized abortion. True, the judicial impact of this may be minimal. Twice in the 1984-1985 term the Court reaffirmed the 1973 decision. But right-to-life activists welcome the Meese move anyway, hoping that the case will raise the public's consciousness. "FDR's solicitor general regularly filed briefs with the Court, when it was clear that the Justices would decide the other way," said one conservative legal scholar. "By holding up his flag in any weather, FDR led the march into liberalism, where we were beached for more than thirty years." Also, the Court habitually delays rulings on controversial cases until the end of its term. By May or June of 1986 the Court may be repopulated—and the right one-vote shift is all the right-to-lifers need.

The immediate impact of the case, however, will be neither juridical nor pedagogical, but political: How will Reagan, and other Republicans, maneuver so as not to be impaled on either horn of the GOP dilemma? "Social issues are not losers," argues one Hill Reaganite, siding with the pro-social-issues conservatives. "Yuppies won't have anywhere else to go. The Democrats' tax-tax, spend-spend just won't be tolerated. Besides that, if the GOP comes out on the social issues, it gains inner-city Catholics and Southerners." Reagan will support Meese, this Reaganite says: "He needs to give the evangelicals something—maybe not everything—but certainly abortion and probably school prayer."

Libertarians in the GOP disagree. "On Meese's abortion brief, Reagan will say that it's wonderful, and that Meese is doing just what Reagan wants him to," asserts Doug Bandow, a libertarian aide to former White House domestic counselor Martin Anderson. "But Reagan won't campaign for these issues, and neither will George Bush." Like Reagan, Bush will give the agenda a lot of lip-service because he needs to pick up New Right support that Kemp is seeking and largely has. For his part, Kemp is now covering his flank by signing on with a group of congressmen and senators who, like Meese, filed against *Roe* v. *Wade*, a brief that no one will ever see but one that can be produced if the conservative going gets rough.

The Justice Department isn't saying precisely what other social issues it will be taking up. "We don't want to tip our hand," notes one Reaganite at Justice. "The death penalty, forfeiture of assets for dope dealers, racial quotas in hiring, busing, maybe pornography, are next," predicts one conservative law activist. On most of these items, the libertarians and conservatives aren't at such loggerheads. All the more reason why, on the matter of abortion, Reagan should stick with Meese and re-Reaganize. The de-Reaganization of Ronald Reagan has proceeded too far already. □

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OUR SOCIALIST FRIENDS

ARE THERE still any lingering doubts about the wisdom of President Reagan's decision to snub Willy Brandt on his German trip in May? If so, let me try to dispel them.

The chairman of the German Social Democratic Party (SPD) and of the Socialist International, ex-burgomaster of Berlin, ex-chancellor, hero to millions on the non-Communist Left, titular author of the Brandt Report, etc., has been working indefatigably to weaken Western (and in particular American) defenses. That he doesn't like Pershing or cruise missiles or the Strategic Defense Initiative is not exactly news, but there is little public awareness of the scale and persistence of his efforts.

As always, Brandt has been most ably assisted by that staunch champion of the Soviet Union as the defender of "peace," Egon Bahr. (Or is it the other way round? I mean, is Brandt helping Bahr? Interesting question.) So it was back in 1969, when Bahr master-minded Chancellor Brandt's notorious Ostpolitik.

What the Brandt/Bahr duo has been trying to do is involve other socialist and social-democratic parties in the NATO countries of Europe in a common "defense platform." Until now, full success has not crowned their efforts. If it does, the Alliance will be seriously weakened.

The first major ploy of this year's intensified campaign was a meeting of these parties in Lisbon last March. At the planning stage, Brandt was still hoping to be received by President Reagan in the White House in April and didn't want to appear to be the prime mover in the Lisbon meetings. As a preliminary, he sent Bahr to Athens to invite Premier Papandreou to send a delegation of his Panhellenic Socialist Movement (PASOK) to Lisbon. A curious move, since PASOK is not a member-party of the Socialist International; still, PASOK's presence was going to be valuable, the anti-American attitudes of Papandreou's party being notorious.

PASOK duly sent a delegation to Lisbon, and Bahr duly represented Brandt. Despite Bahr's best efforts to persuade the gathered socialists to call for the removal of Pershing II and cruise missiles from Western Europe, he failed to carry the day. PASOK, of course, supported him; and so, of course, did Britain's Labour Party. But the French (who have their own nuclear deterrent) stood firm, as did the Italians and Portuguese.

Since Lisbon, Brandt/Bahr has returned to the charge, repeatedly. April brought two meetings: of the socialist parties of the European community in Madrid, and of the Socialist International party leaders in Brussels. Paris was the venue for yet another socialist gathering at the end of May, followed almost immediately (in early June) by a further meeting in Bonn.

Stockholm came next (June 18-19). On that occasion, Brandt took the lead in calling for support for Nicaragua and condemnation of the Reagan Administration's policy for Central America. This may seem a long way from defense, but the tactic made sense: Bahr reckoned that a show of socialist unity on Nicaragua would improve the prospects for unity on Star Wars.

Outside the socialist context, Willy Brandt and Egon Bahr went to Moscow in June for meetings with Mikhail Gorbachev and the long-lasting Boris Ponomarev, head of the ruling Central Committee's international department.

Watch now for future attractions. September offers an SPD "workshop" in Bonn on the Strategic Defense Initiative. Brother parties will send delegations, and it is rumored that Paul Warnke, President Carter's arms-control negotiator, will be there, along with members of the Union of Concerned Scientists (which doesn't like the SDI and gets its sums wrong to support its view).

The grand climax, in one sense, will be a big disarmament conference in Vienna in mid-October, convened by the Socialist International, where the Soviet Communist Party is expected to be present at a high level. How about Mr. Reagan's persuading that powerful defender of America (now unofficial but no less effective), Jeane Kirkpatrick, to go along and introduce some sanity into the proceedings?

NOR IS that all. In early November, the group known as "Scandilux" is to call a meeting, the venue of which is still not known. In its original form, as set up in January 1981, Scandilux brought together the socialist parties of Norway, Denmark, Holland, Belgium, and Luxembourg to coordinate views on disarmament and put pressure on the Italian Socialist and Social Democratic parties to renege on Italy's commitment to accept cruise missiles. In this it failed.

Later, the German SPD, the British Labour Party, and the French Socialist Party joined in, thus destroying the original regional accuracy of the term "Scandilux."

I said above that "in one sense" (that of the Soviet presence) Vienna was going to be the grand climax. But in political terms, the true climax will be "Lisbon II," which confusingly will be held in Bonn on November 17. It is not forbidden to speculate on the outcome. President Mitterrand has always steered his Socialist Party in the path of a strong defense policy (in compensation for which, he placates the Left by attacking Reagan's Central American policy). He may therefore block the Brandt/Bahr initiative again. And in that event, the common platform, if it emerges, should be less harmful to the Alliance than the two Germans would like it to be. □

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THE UNTOLD STORY / DONALD R. COTTER

HOW WORLD WAR II REALLY ENDED

As MOST of our readers know, many of the contemporaneous records of the final months of World War II were lost in the ensuing disasters. However, after painstaking research, we have finally been able to piece together a reliable account based on recently discovered clippings from the two great newspapers of the day, the *New York Tempus* and the *Washington Mail.*

The Potsdam Summit

SUPERBOMB READY FOR JAPAN?

Special to the *Washington Mail*

WASHINGTON, July 17, 1945—Does Harry Truman have what it takes to deal with Winston Churchill and wily "Uncle" Joe Stalin in the Potsdam Conference, which begins today? And does he have in his pocket a superbomb that can bring Japan to its knees without the aid of Russia or Britain?

Those are the big questions in today's Washington. Administration strategists are rumored to question the need for Russian help in the Pacific. "With our new capability we can certainly pull this out by ourselves," said one highly placed planner. . . .

EISENHOWER OPPOSES SUPERBOMB

POTSDAM, July 24, 1945—General Dwight D. Eisenhower is said to have told Secretary of War Henry L. Stimson that he hoped "we would never have to use" the rumored atomic superbomb, "because the United States should not introduce into war something so horrible and destructive."

In another report, Admiral William D. Leahy, military advisor to Presidents Roosevelt and Truman, was said to have "moral compunctions" about using a weapon of "indiscriminate power."

Winston Churchill, the defeated prime minister of Britain, who did not return to the Potsdam Conference, was said to favor use of the new weapon against Japan. . . .

JAPAN REFUSES ALLIED SURRENDER ULTIMATUM

Special to the *New York Tempus*

WASHINGTON, July 30, 1945—The Japanese government today refused to consider the Allied Powers' demand for unconditional surrender declared as a result of the Potsdam meeting. President Truman was reported to have said, "There is no alternative now." . . .

TRUMAN AGREES TO BIG-BOMB DEMO

Surprise-Attack Advocates Rebuffed

WASHINGTON, August 6, 1945—A non-lethal demonstration of an atomic bomb is said to be planned for Tokyo Bay in a few weeks. Scientists say the bomb's power will convince Japan to end all hostilities immediately.

President Truman, reacting to dissent by eminent European scientists, who were key to the invention and development of the bomb, and some senior military advisors, has reluctantly agreed to the demonstration. Congress has sent a joint resolution to the White House asking that bomb production be delayed. The resolution also asks Truman to set up a commission to recommend how to control the weapons.

"Get those things out of the hands of those generals," said one senator. . . .

RUSSIA ENTERS WAR AGAINST JAPAN

WASHINGTON, August 8, 1945—Russian forces entered Manchuria today encountering light resistance from Japanese troops. The attacking forces drove toward the industrial centers of Mukden, Hankow, Pengpu, and Suchow, seemingly avoiding direct conflict with enemy military units.

Also today the Kremlin signed a "friendship treaty" recognizing the Chinese Communist revolutionary government. . . .

RUSSIAN WAR GOALS PUZZLING

Soviets Avoid Japanese Forces

WASHINGTON, August 15, 1945—Russian forces that entered Manchuria

Mr. Cotter is the Director of the Center for Strategic Concepts Ltd., a McLean, Virginia, policy research center. From 1973 through 1978 he served as Assistant to the Secretary of Defense for Atomic Energy.

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Q. Why is William Rusher's new book, *The Rise of the Right*, a *must* for your permanent library (not to mention one you'll want your kids to read)?

A. Because in this one book you get a comprehensive history of the conservative movement in America, from the Goldwater beginnings to the Reagan triumphs—the facts, the ideas, and the people who did it all—the whole inside story, from a man who *knows* what happened because he was a prime instigator himself.

You know Rusher as *National Review*'s longtime publisher, prolific author, TV personality, newspaper columnist, and speaker. But behind his prodigious public performance he's been hard at work (for more than 30 years!) instructing a generation of conservatives—from old pros to the *new* generation—in the art of successful politics.

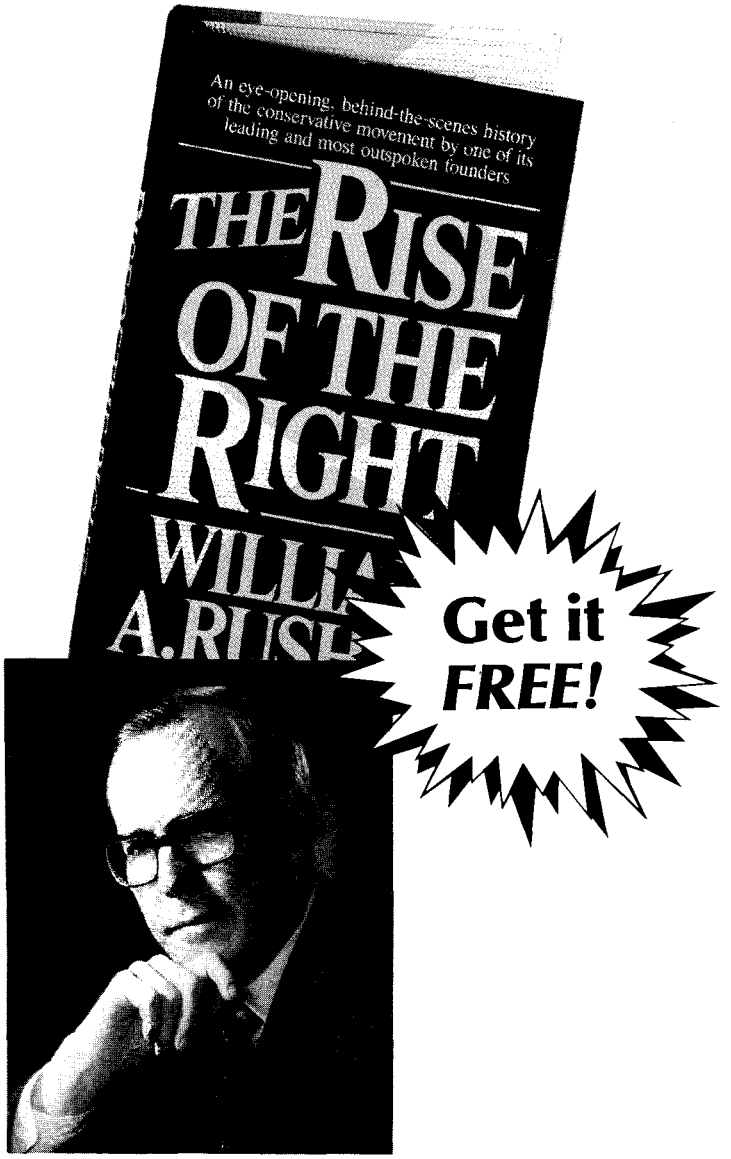
Now he tells the whole story, and it's fascinating stuff, as you'll see for yourself from the first page—his vivid description of the 1950s will remind you that, for conservatives, there seemed little hope of displacing liberalism's dominance of *both* political parties. That was when Rusher and a small band of dedicated colleagues began putting together the political network that would not only launch a bold attempt to capture the Republican Party but *succeed* in an amazingly short time!

It's all in this new book, and if anyone doubts how *good* it is, listen to what Barry Goldwater himself wrote to Rusher just after publication: "I read it completely last night . . . I couldn't put it down . . . I don't think there is anything in the entire book that I would disagree with or, if I did, to any great extent." *Some* praise from one of the principal characters in a story that spares no details about the many conflicts and misunderstandings—personal and political—that inevitably happened along the road to victory.

As we say, here is a book you will want to *own* yourself, to have handy in the years ahead. If *you* lived through it all, you'll find *The Rise of the Right* the perfect How It Really Was record (you'll want your children to read it too!). If you are a younger conservative, it's a one-volume guide to one of the most remarkable political turn-arounds in our history.

Well, you can get your personal copy of *The Rise of the Right* absolutely FREE if you use the card facing this page now to subscribe to *National Review* (or renew your current subscription) at no more than the regular yearly rate. That's right: you can get 25 big issues of NR *plus* this original hardcover book for a total of just $34 (with all postage and handling paid by us—another considerable savings for you). This new book is selling right now in bookstores for a stiff $15.95, but you can get it FREE with this special offer.

Use the card facing this page today to take advantage of this bargain offer (it's good only with the card, and while our dwindling supply of this original edition lasts, so hurry). Don't miss this opportunity to add *The Rise of the Right* to your permanent library, where it *belongs*.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began immediately seizing industrial centers. Observers say the main targets seem to be Japanese-built factories. "They seem to be shipping every bit of machinery they can lay their hands on to Moscow," said a Swedish diplomat in Mukden. . . .

BIG BOMB BUST

Observers Say Demo 'Disappointing'

NORTH FIELD, TINIAN ISLAND AIR BASE, September 3, 1945—A U.S. B-29 named *Enola Gay* today dropped an atomic bomb over Tokyo Bay about six miles from shore, according to an Air Force spokesman here. The Japanese were warned one hour before. The bomb was dropped some miles short of its intended ground-zero point—probably due to Japanese interceptor activity.

U.S. airborne observers were disappointed by the previously untested bomb's performance. Said one weapons expert from Los Alamos, "There was a good chance it would not achieve full yield—maybe only 50 to 60 per cent."

The Japanese government had no reaction to the event. Russian military observers aboard U.S. aircraft were reported to be "amused" by the incident. General Marshal V. V. Malik said, "Such a fuss." . . .

SOVIETS GIVE CAPTURED ARMS TO CHI-COMS

WASHINGTON, October 7, 1945—In what the State Department says are violations of Stalin's agreements at Yalta, the Soviets are turning over captured Japanese weapons to the Chinese Communists. These forces are now infiltrating the major cities gearing for a final battle against Chiang Kai-shek. . . .

D-J DAY!

U.S. Hits Kyushu

Bigger than Normandy

CINCAFPAC HQ, OKINAWA, November 1, 1945—General Douglas MacArthur, Commander-in-Chief of Army Forces, Pacific, said that Operation OLYMPIC Forces met with bitter resistance in their three-pronged attack on Kyushu. Kamikaze air attacks concentrated on troop ships caused many casualties.

The total invasion force numbers 767,000 troops, making it the largest amphibious operation in history. The Normandy operation, OVERLORD, involved about 130,000 troops in the first landings. . . .

"OLYMPIC" BLOODIER THAN EXPECTED

WASHINGTON, November 30, 1945—The Kyushu invasion has resulted in about eleven thousand killed and forty thousand wounded in the first month, say Pentagon spokesmen. The Japanese are fighting from fortifications against which airpower is relatively ineffective. "They learned the lessons of Iwo Jima and Okinawa well," said General Marshall, Army Chief of Staff. In Okinawa, American casualties numbered 35 per cent. A similar percentage for OLYMPIC would produce 268,000 killed or wounded. . . .

U.S. GOES IT ALONE

Russians Take Korea and Sakhalin But Avoid Japan

WASHINGTON, December 7, 1945—U.S. troops, still fighting alone, are still trying to root out Japanese troops from their Kyushu fortifications. B-29 carpet-bombing attacks are "not very effective in this kind of war," said one army general.

The Soviets say they have too few landing craft to assist in the invasion. British forces in Indochina and Malaysia have adopted siege tactics to starve out the Japanese, said a British general. . . .

GRIM CHRISTMAS FOR U.S. TROOPS IN KYUSHU

CINCAFPAC HQ, OKINAWA, December 25, 1945—In Washington the fights are about strategy. But to the American GIs fighting here in Japan, the big questions are how long will they be here—and is there any hope of surviving?

Since the beginning of the war, few American GIs—except the severely wounded or those with exceptional skills or assignments—have been brought home from the Pacific. American servicemen are beginning to despair at the prospect of apparently endless combat duty.

"Take it from the voice of experience," warned one combat veteran, "if my company makes one more invasion, you had better tell the medical corps to be sure and have 42 straitjackets, because there are only 42 of us left." An army poll shows that 66 per cent of the soldiers in the southwest Pacific believe that after a man has been overseas 18 months he deserves to go home.

Some congressmen are calling for hearings on U.S. Pacific strategy. One asked, "What ever happened to the superbomb that was going to defeat the Japanese?" . . .

BRITISH FORCES CALLED HOME BY ATTLEE

"Will Not Participate in Invasion"

Britain to Leave India, South Asia

LONDON, January 1, 1946—A new British White Paper confirms the State Department fear that Britain will pull out of the Pacific and South Asia. "We must rebuild our economy at home," said Prime Minister Clement Attlee. . . .

AIR WAR WANING: "NO TARGETS REMAIN"

CINCAFPAC HQ, OKINAWA, January 30, 1946—After one and a half years of strategic bombing, General Curtis LeMay says that "no major Japanese cities remain" to be firebombed. Along with the destroyed cities, there have been an estimated two million casualties. The Twentieth Bomber Command is now studying how to use these bombers against the widely dispersed Japanese military forces entrenched throughout the country. . . .

NIGHTMARE ON TOKYO PLAINS

U.S. Troops Face a Nation of Fanatics

THE TOKYO PLAINS, August 1, 1946—Almost nine months after the first U.S. troops landed on the Japa-

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nese mainland, the worst fears about Japanese fanaticism have been realized. American troops may be facing the fiercest resistance to a foreign invasion in human history.

Our troops face not only the roughly three million regular and garrison troops of Japan's armed forces but a civilian militia that sometimes seems to include the entire Japanese nation. American intelligence reports confirm that in preparation for "Ketsu Go," as the Japanese have termed their preparations for the American invasion, nearly 32 million Japanese were drafted into the civilian militia. That includes all males aged 15 to 60 and all women from 17 to 45. Their weapons include ancient bronze cannon, muzzle-loading muskets, and even spears and bows and arrows. More than ten thousand Kamikaze planes were readied, many of which have already been used. The harakiri cult has been extended even to little children, who have been trained to strap explosives around their waists, roll under tank treads, and blow themselves up.

This is the enemy America faces—a country of fanatics determined to slay as many invaders as possible as they go down fighting. . . .

U.S. FORCES LEAVE EUROPE FOR FINAL PUSH IN JAPAN

Marshall Plan Abandoned

LONDON, December 7, 1946—Nineteen months after the defeat of Germany, most U.S. forces are leaving Europe to participate in the Pacific war. There were many recriminations against the U.S. for its actions. . . .

SOVIETS MOVE INTO WEST GERMANY;

Czechoslovakia, Austria Occupied

Britain, France, Benelux to Accept Friendship Treaty

LONDON, May 1, 1947—As Soviet troops moved into Germany and tightened their grip on Central Europe, Stalin announced today that conditions and events in Western Europe would ultimately lead to great instabilities and the threat of another war. "The inevitability of the socialist revolution should be apparent to all," he said. . . .

RUSSIAN SPIES AT ATOMIC LAB

Russians May Now Have A-Bomb: Teller Announces Drive for "H-Bomb"

LOS ALAMOS, N.M., August 6, 1947—Dr. Edward Teller, a key figure in the A-bomb project dating back to 1939 and now director of the reconstituted bomb laboratory here, revealed today that a spy ring at Los Alamos had been feeding information to Russian agents since 1943. Dr. Klaus Fuchs, a German scientist assigned to Los Alamos, is known to have returned to England after V-E Day and to have been in contact with Russian scientists in East Germany. Teller said Fuchs was very knowledgeable about new technology that could lead to a "super" thermonuclear weapon. . . .

RUSSIANS DROP A-BOMB IN MANCHURIA

STOCKHOLM, August 16, 1947—A Soviet test bomb was used yesterday against an array of military equipment—tanks, artillery, aircraft, railcars, locomotives, and perhaps Japanese troops—and the city of Mukden. "The test was realistic," said a Swedish military observer. "They proved the bomb worked and got a lot of information on the effects of these weapons on military equipment and structures." . . .

TRUMAN REMOVED BY SENATE

Byrnes Sworn in as 34th President

WASHINGTON, August 18, 1947—Secretary of State James F. Byrnes succeeded Harry Truman as President today and vowed to end the Pacific war. He asked Trygve Lie, Secretary General of the UN, to arrange a cease-fire. . . .

RUSSIA CALLS FOR FAR-EAST TRUCE

Denounces Yalta and Potsdam

MOSCOW, August 25, 1947—Josef Stalin today denounced all agreements with the United States made at Yalta and Potsdam in 1945 and called for a truce in the Far East. . . .

U.S. TROOPS TO LEAVE JAPAN

Soviets to Occupy Honshu

Stalin and Mao to Monitor Truce

TOKYO, August 26, 1947—General Douglas MacArthur said U.S. troops would begin evacuation from Japan today. The State Department announced that a small military occupation force under Soviet control would serve to re-form a government under Emperor Hirohito. Sources in Moscow say Stalin has rebuffed offers of United States participation in the occupation force. . . .

JAPAN SURRENDERS TO USSR

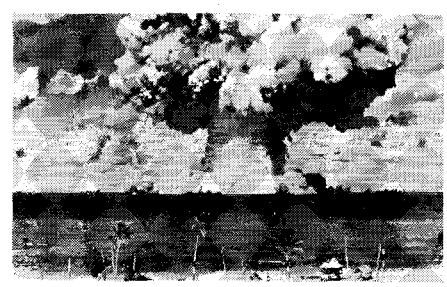
PORT ARTHUR, JAPAN, August 27, 1947—Japanese military authorities in this old port city, scene of a Russian humiliation in 1904, surrendered to the Soviet Far Eastern Front Commander. Emperor Hirohito ordered the surrender and named Shigenori Togo to be the head of the Japanese Soviet Socialist Republic. . . .

WORLD WAR II ENDS

Byrnes Signs Vladivostok Treaty

U.S. to Abandon All Pacific Bases

VLADIVOSTOK, September 3, 1947—President Byrnes today signed the Vladivostok peace treaty ending World War II—a treaty virtually dictated by Stalin. U.S. bases in the far Pacific—the Marianas, Gilbert Islands, Iwo Jima, and Okinawa—were to be returned to the Japanese SSR. Molotov also called on the United States to enter into arms-control talks to achieve a world free of nuclear weapons. One condition for the talks would be for the "U.S. to freeze its weapon-development program and to stop the production of weapons." . . . □



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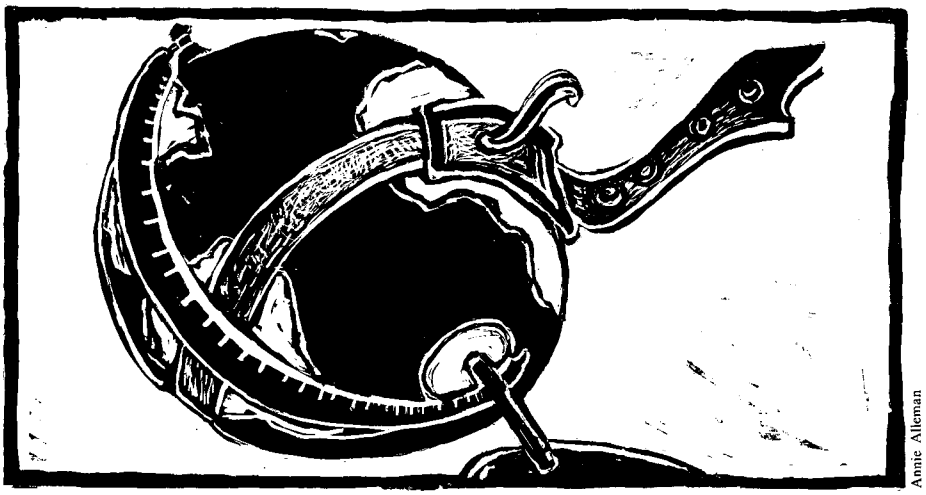
THE RETURN OF THE DEBT CRISIS


Annie Alleman

TWO YEARS AGO there was a nine-month publicity campaign directing our attention to the international debt crisis. In the end it achieved its purpose. The Reagan Administration reversed itself and supported an $8.4 billion expansion of the International Monetary Fund's lending authority. But it was a close shave because the necessary legislation passed the House of Representatives by only six votes. It was opposed both by leftists who saw the potential for nationalization in a banking collapse; and by rightists who saw that continued foreign lending is the only thing that keeps international socialism afloat.

At that time the foreign debt totaled about $800 billion. Today it is approaching $1 trillion, and what we are hearing, unless I am mistaken, is the lull before the next storm. The problems that existed two years ago not only have not been corrected. They have been aggravated by the IMF's loan conditions, which impose a regime of austerity on indebted countries. The wrong belts get tightened. The people rather than their rulers are expected to suffer. (The current wave of austerity economics emanates not just from the IMF but reflects the consensus of professional economists in the U.S. and Western Europe.)

Dollars, Dollars, Dollars

THE COUNTRIES with the largest external debt are Mexico and Brazil, both owing about $100 billion. Then comes Argentina with close to $50 billion. The person most conspicuously agitated about Latin American debt ($360 billion) is Fidel Castro, who vacillates between advocating outright repudiation of the debt and suggesting that the U.S. Government bail out the creditor banks. Here we can see that he is torn between a desire to punish capitalists on the one hand, and on the other to encourage the useful-idiot bankers to keep the loans flowing so that the international socialist elites can continue to live comfortably off the Western surplus.

It won't be long before influential voices in the U.S. are heard echoing Castro's latter sentiment. The rationale will be that the emerging democracies of Latin America are fragile, and unless we keep shipping them dollars they will slip back into darkness and dictatorship. "Most of Latin America's democratic leadership continue to warn that the United States must act more aggressively to help resolve the continent's economic crisis, or face the loss of the continent's rare embrace of moderate democratic politics," writes Jackson Diehl, who recently completed three years as the *Washington Post*'s South America correspondent. "In the simplest terms, that means more U.S. dollars—more investment in Latin American industries, more favorable terms for Latin American exports to the United States and, above all, more help paying off the banks."

This recommendation is self-defeating but the bankers will heartily endorse it nonetheless. The problem (for the bankers) is that democratically elected leaders are more self-confident than autocrats and are much more inclined to respond to the popular sentiment in their countries to rid themselves of the IMF and Yanqui-imposed austerity and debt. By contrast, the old military dictators were more insecure, less beholden to the people, and far more responsive to their patrons and supporters abroad. Democracy is more likely to bring the debt crisis to a head than to resolve it.

As things stand, the bankers have a problem. Big slices of Third World debt are recorded on the "asset" side of their balance sheets. What this means is that such institutions as Citicorp, Chase Manhattan, and BankAmerica contain in their well-guarded vaults pieces of paper bearing the signatures of foreign government officials (some of them retired and living in Switzerland), ten-figure sums with dollar signs attached, and a promise that these debts will be repaid in U.S. dollars by a certain date. These pieces of paper are called "assets" because they are also supposed to yield their possessors a stream of interest payments. On the "liability" side of the ledger they have deposits, on which of course they must pay interest out.

The problem is that most of the countries owing these huge sums are in such bad financial shape that they can hardly pay the interest, let alone the principal. As John Kenneth Gal-

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braith noted recently, bad debts are now called "nonperforming assets." A whole new euphemistic terminology is growing up and around banking, hiding from view the poor judgment of loan officers. Thus "nonperforming" loans are frequently "rolled over." In such cases interest payments have not been received and so the bankers pay themselves the interest and quietly add that amount to the principal. Sometimes the IMF will chip in with a "loan" to one of the indebted countries, which promptly mails it back in the form of overdue interest payments to the various banks. In such cases one can best visualize the money going from IMF headquarters on 19th Street, N.W., in Washington, to Wall Street in New York City.

Ortega's Credit

OBVIOUSLY this is a game that can't be kept going forever, or at least without fresh infusions from the U.S. taxpayers to the banks, via Congress and the IMF. And here we may hope that Congress will balk. On July 17 the second largest bank in the country, BankAmerica, unexpectedly declared a second quarter loss of $338 million, a development that "surprised even top executives at the bank holding company," according to *Barron's*. A team of investigators from the U.S. Comptroller of the Currency discovered some nonperforming assets, apparently, and told the bank to set aside an additional $527 million as a "loan-loss reserve."

The big New York banks have now established among themselves a secondary market for their international debt, trading it back and forth at a discount. The size of the discounts, as the *New York Times* put it in understated fashion, "provides tangible evidence that many Third World loans are not worth their face value." Nicaraguan debt trades at 10 per cent of face value, according to the *Times* story, Bolivian debt at 20 per cent, and Peruvian debt at half face value.

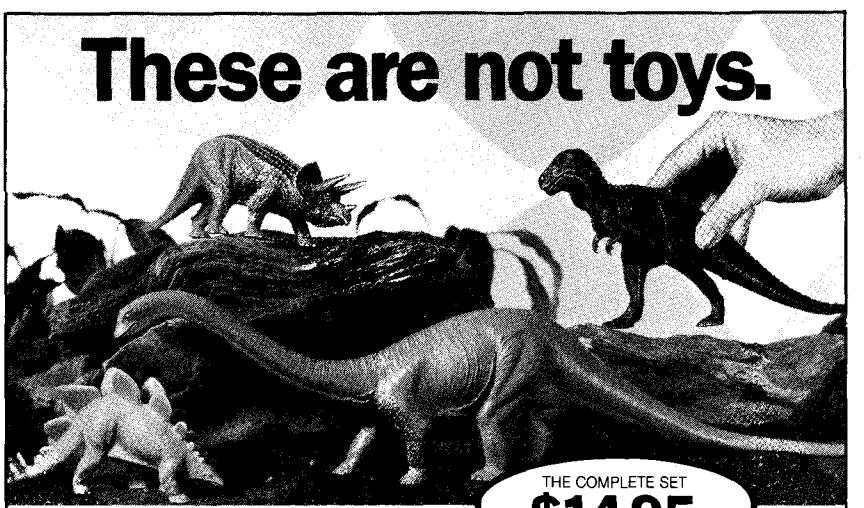
If correct, these figures suggest that bankers remain an incorrigibly optimistic breed. It is hard to imagine who would want to pay 50 cents for a dollar's worth of Peruvian debt. According to *The Economist*, Peruvian creditors "have not received a red cent of interest on their $11 billion in the past six months." (Actually, Peru's foreign debt is closer to $14 billion.) And according to recent congressional testimony by Christine Bogdanowicz-Bindert, a senior vice president of Shearson Lehman, "Interestingly, Peru also moved its international reserves out of U.S. banks to forestall any attempts by U.S. creditor banks to attach its assets." She added: "Surprisingly, the banks have so far remained quiet. They have declared no defaults."

It would also be surprising if Nicaraguan debt is worth a tenth of its face value. Daniel Ortega has repeated Castro's call for a repudiation of debt, and has made it as plain as can be that Nicaraguan debt is not going to be repaid. Bolivia is likewise in default, and declared in May 1984 that it would pay no further interest to its creditor banks.

In its detailed story on BankAmerica's second-quarter loss, the *Wall Street Journal* noted the bank's assessment of a group of debtor nations "to which the bank wishes it had never lent money and won't soon again. The latter category would include Paraguay, Nigeria, Bolivia, and Nicaragua." Clearly we have come a long way from the time when bankers used to say that it was reassuring to lend money to countries "because countries can't go bankrupt."

When the international debt crisis is discussed people sometimes ask, What happens to the money when it goes abroad? As it happened, on the same day that the *Wall Street Journal* reported BankAmerica's woes, an adjacent story on the "Imperiled Continent" of Africa illustrated the point that when governments accept responsibility for managing investment, then no one is responsible, and *investment* is thereby converted into *consumption*.

"Joseph Wayas, Nigeria's former speaker of the house preferred to spend," reported Lee Lescaze and Steve Mufson. "One contractor remembers being summoned to draw plans when the speaker wanted a new house. The house had to have: a separate apartment for each of four wives, a separate room for each of ten children (the speaker was the father of six but was planning ahead), a special room for the speaker's three hundred pairs of shoes and for the full-time shoe shiner. Finally, the speaker wanted a room for his 108 suits. From his closet he plucked a pin-stripe suit that he boasted cost $25,000. Each stripe



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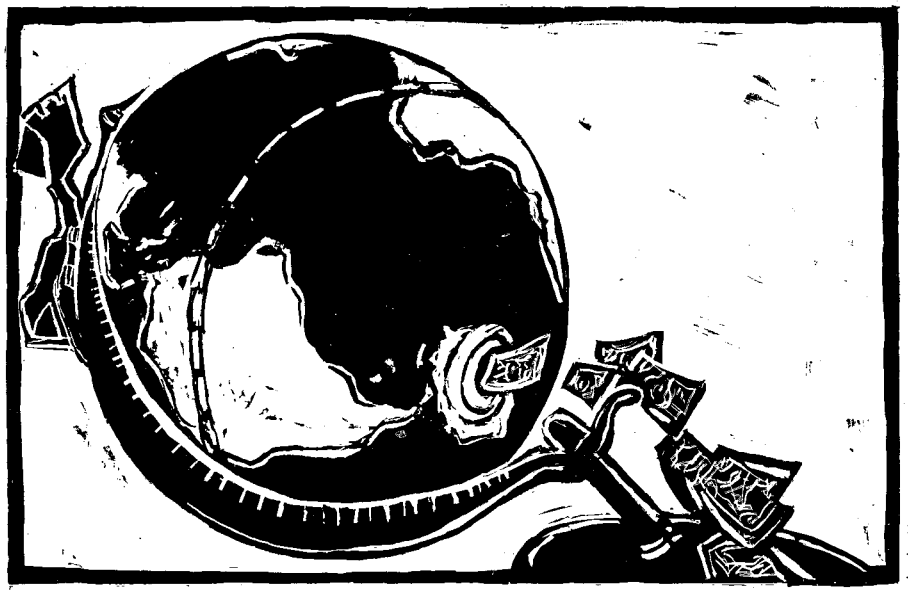
was made of gold thread. He told the contractor he kept identical suits in his London and New York homes."

The two reporters added the following coda: "Like the speaker, many Africans who have grown rich in government have taken large parts of their fortunes abroad. A group of African central bankers estimated last year that between $4 billion and $6 billion left Nigeria during the four years of the civilian regime that was overthrown in 1983." (Nigeria's external debt is in the region of $17 to $20 billion.) Apropos the final point, one can only comment that anyone with money in a country ruled by people like that would be well advised to send the money abroad as soon as possible.

The bankers, development experts, government officials, and above all the professional economists do not understand the key difference between successful, functioning economies (the U.S., Japan, and perhaps a dozen others) and the unsuccessful ones, including all the socialist countries, almost all the African ones, and all those subjected to Islamic law. I refer to property rights.

Claiming that property rights are crucial to economic success has now reached something approaching the status of a taboo, especially among the development economists and international bureaucrats who attend conferences and cocktail parties with their Soviet-bloc counterparts and have been intellectually Finlandized. You won't hear much discussion of property rights in the corridors of the World Bank or the IMF; nor are such rights among the loan conditions imposed by any lending agency. "Property rights," you see, are "ideological." To bring up the topic is an embarrassment in polite society. So it is not brought up. Nor is it ever discussed in the news media, as far as I can tell. In addition property rights are not quantifiable, and for some decades now economists have tried to pretend that economics is one of the physical sciences—dealing with things that can be expressed in graphs and equations.

I can only suggest how important is the notion of property, and how serious the failure to comprehend it, by an analogy. Suppose that a certain country has a drought; its inhabitants are dying of thirst. News of this reaches the U.S., whose compassionate citizens dispatch cargo ships filled with water.



Annie Alleman

Upon arrival the aid officials pour the water directly onto the parched earth —not realizing that there must first be in place appropriate receptacles if the inhabitants are to be helped.

The refusal of most contemporary economists to acknowledge the importance of property rights is of the same order of magnitude. To most economists, poor countries are simply short of money. So the officials gather up a shipload of dollars and dump them on the bare soil, unprotected by the foundations of property. The dollars disappear into the ground—one way or another they "evaporate"—and then they reappear later in Swiss bank accounts and New York co-ops.

Law and Property

PROPERTY RIGHTS depend on the prior establishment of the rule of law (rules applicable to all, not some commanding others). Over time—and it does take time, which is one of the things the development experts always try to circumvent—the rule of law will yield the security of ownership, individual decision-making, the acceptance of personal responsibility for the success or failure of one's decisions, and the ability of owners both to appreciate the value of what they own and to realize that value by exchange. These are the fundamental conditions of economic behavior. They are absent in all societies subjected to the arbitrary rule of autocrats and to the commands of central planners. The fundamental point that some economies have foundations while most do not is not understood by the loan officers of New York banks. They do not understand it because they are most unlikely to have ever heard the subject discussed in meetings. Or when they were in college.

The economics profession is now dominated by people who missed their true calling as accountants. They think of a nation's economy as something contained wholly within a ledger. Some such economies are thought of as "sound" because they are in balance. That is the only recommendation that most economists now have to offer. Budgets should be balanced. Trade should be balanced. To that end taxes should no doubt be higher. Belts in general should be tighter.

Is it any wonder that foreigners, who can look at prosperous America and without too much difficulty conclude that it *must* have been established on greater and more generous principles than mere bookkeeping (namely, the rule of law), should despise us now for having no better ideas to export than mere accountancy and equilibrium—to be attained by encouraging the people to undergo greater hardship?

Giving "loans" to foreign officials—who supposedly will buy something called "development" with the money —in fact precludes the emergence of the rule of law, hence a property base. Government employment becomes an opportunity for plunder and a subsequent getaway. Useful production is an arduous matter and people will only make the effort if there is no alternative. Foreign aid, the World Bank, the IMF, and the fraudulent employment offered by the numerous UN agencies, ensure that the educated

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elites abroad never have to make this effort. Their corruption is guaranteed by multilateral (which is to say mostly American) money.

The donors of this feckless capital cannot easily penalize the recipients for its dissipation into personal consumption. Certainly World Bank officials and U.S. bankers cannot lay a finger on anyone. In the maze of government bureaus—whether at home or abroad—responsibility for decisions is itself shifted and dissipated, just like the original capital, until in the end the blame lies with some nondescript umbrella agency of government, whose head (the aid donors will be reassured) has now been replaced. The aid donors will deceive themselves into thinking that this is a "structural change," and will recommend another loan.

Think by contrast of the U.S. builder who has bought a site and obtained a bank loan to develop it. For him the clock is running. His time is short. He must meet his payments. The only way he can is by building something that is more valuable than the site, and the materials and labor that go into developing it. Productivity, efficiency, and effort, which come easily to no man, are thrust upon him by the exigencies of his potential failure.

As long as counterproductive bank lending and multilateral "assistance" continue, the "lesser developed countries" are going to stay that way. In fact their condition will deteriorate, as it has done in the two years since the last debt scare. By contrast a Third World default now would be salutary. The welfare states would be forced to make it on their own, which is the only way that prosperity can be attained. At the same time our own economists and development experts might learn a useful lesson about the fundamentals of economic life.

At the present time, however, we are far from any such understanding. A. W. Clausen, the president of the World Bank and before that the president of BankAmerica, wrote in a 1983 *New York Times* Op-Ed piece ("To Help Developing Countries Sustain Growth") that "the first step is to get the problem right. Debts are not the main problem. They are a symptom. The real problem is lack of growth. Unless sound investment continues, there will be insufficient growth to service the debts. The debts can be managed but only if growth is sustained."

You can see the way he is thinking. Aid from accredited sources is to be called "sound investment" and that in turn is the source of growth. There is a "world economy" and its parts are basically fungible and of course "interconnected." Clausen's model is really that of the circulation of the blood. As long as "liquidity" is pumped through the veins of foreign economies, why then they will "grow." And Washington, Clausen clearly believes, is the heart. If the heart stops beating, then the "capital flows" will cease. And then the banks won't get their money back. Let's face it, they're not going to anyway, except no doubt from South Korea and Taiwan.

Clausen merely reflects the current consensus. What is more disturbing is that there are increasing signs among U.S. elites not merely of a failure to comprehend the principles of society and government that made America great, but an actual hostility to those principles. Domestic politics make it difficult for these elites to implement a revisionist agenda at home. In foreign policy, however, they encounter little resistance. But that is another story. □

Coffee, Tea, or Fun?

With so many airlines involved in price wars since deregulation in 1978, it has been pleasantly nostalgic to see the return by at least one airline to the good old days when most airlines emphasized everything but transportation. Recently I saw an ad by FUN Airlines in which FUN president Henry J. Littlefinger was saying, "We not only provide our passengers with a blind date, cocktail parties, and other amenities but, as pace-setters, we do it right on the airplane."

As soon as I read the ad I remembered that I had to get from Paducah to Petaluma. "FUN Airlines!" shrieked the woman on the reservation phone. "Overnight flights to everywhere! May I help you, hedonist?"

I told her my desire and was soon booked on FUN's Flight 628 in the Royal Grand Omnipotent God section, which is cheaper than first class.

I admit I had some doubts about the wisdom of FUN flying, though, when I saw their DC-12 and learned that it used to be four DC-3s. But when the stunning flight attendant murmured, "Step right into the parlor, honey, and make like a real FUN passenger, the girls will be right in," I felt better, especially when she gave me a FUN Flight Kit, which contained the usual fifth of gin, stack of poker chips, and a voodoo love amulet.

It was a cheery scene inside the plane, all right—the piano player in one corner banging out "I Want a Girl," the roulette wheel in the rear spinning madly, the shapely dancer on a platform in front of a small dance floor, which was already crowded with passengers having fun, each with his name and "FUN!" on a card pinned to his or her lapel.

Then the captain wove out of the pilot's compartment wearing a paper hat, tooting a cardboard horn, and tossing confetti. "Welcome aboard FUN's flight number something or other to wherever, pals," he cried, grabbing a drink from an attendant. "I'll look it up on the schedule as soon as I can find my glasses. How about a drink for my co-pilot, Sweetbread?" he bawled to the attendant before bawling to us, "But don't worry, we'll get this party off the ground or my name isn't . . . isn't . . ."

With a somewhat blank look he did a buck and wing back into the pilot's cabin. Then a siren went off, cherry bombs exploded in the restrooms, and the lights dimmed as the attendants began asking, "Coffee, tea, or fun?"

Well, I won't bore you with a long account of all the fun we had. But eight hours later we staggered off the plane, sated, stuffed, and smashed—to find that we were still in Paducah. "Oh, we never take off," an attendant handing out ice bags said in response to my curiosity. "We found a long time ago that hurtling through space six miles above the ground takes all the fun out of a FUN flight."

—John Keefauver

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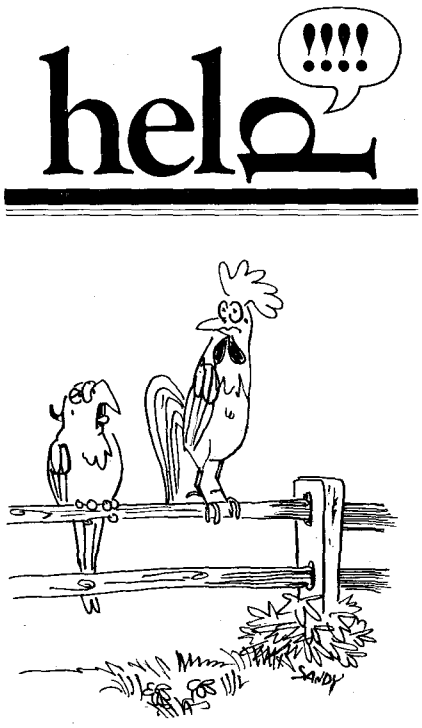
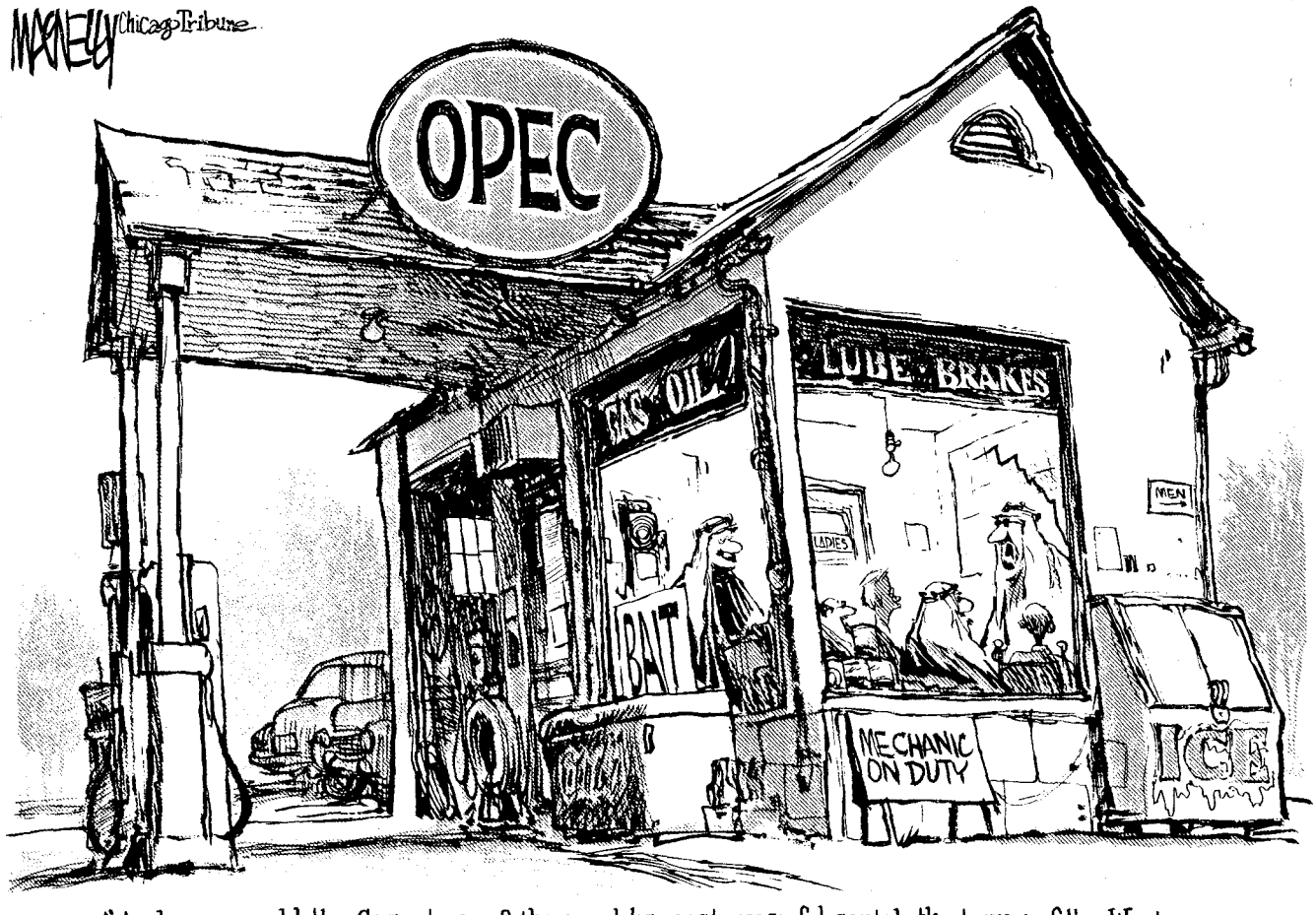


"You wanna announce dawn in your rudimentary way, or do I give 'em my silver-toned alert?"



"And now, would the Secretary of the world's most powerful cartel, the terror of the West, the scourge of the Free Enterprise System, and the revenge of the Third World, care to read the minutes of our last meeting?..."

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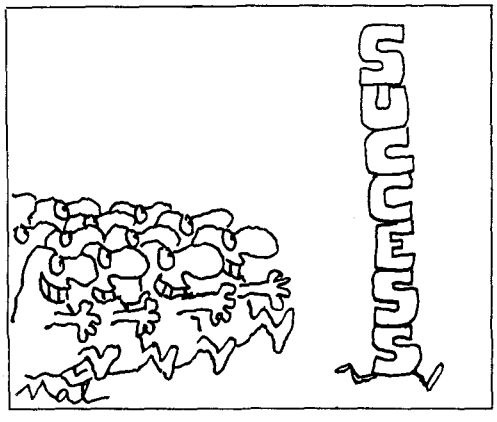
"REMEMBER, MR. PRESIDENT... DON'T OVERDO IT!"

Trivial Pursuits

When leaky borders threatened Rome
And funny people called it home,
No doubt disputes arose among
The few who spoke the mother tongue
That drove the emperors to drink;
But nothing seems so rinky-dink
As grown men tinkering with strokes
By getting red-faced over Cokes.

W. H. VON DREELE



"If you'll take Mrs. Reidl to her table, I'll take Mr. Reidl to his table in non-smoking."

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LAST WALTZ IN ZIMBABWE

The two words [freedom and independence] can mean the same but only in highly civilized communities, . . . for freedom is a highly civilized conception.

The Marquis of Salisbury,
In Freedom First

RHODESIA-ZIMBABWE: one land, two names, each conjuring a different image. Rhodesia, golden country carved by white settlers from the African bush, based on Western proportions, philosophy, and judicial system; towns with wide boulevards awash with the blue and scarlet and yellow of voluptuous flowering trees; with the benediction of the Southern Cross and a historical serenity in contrast to the palpable tensions of neighboring South Africa. Zimbabwe reverberates exotically to the mystery of Africa: violence, witchcraft and tribal warfare, bloodshed, and, recently, along with Communism, the epithet *Racialist*—applied to whites.

Independence 1980: Almost overnight the colony was renamed, along with 28 cities and townships, in the new regime's oddly compulsive rewriting of history. Salisbury became Harare, her avenues renamed in honor of African ex-comrades-in-arms in neighboring countries. Rhodes Avenue is bereft of any identification, as if to eradicate the founders' existence.

In ninety short years, the country has seen: prosperity, 15 years of violent guerrilla warfare with the loss of twenty thousand lives, repeated acts of duplicity by British governments, and five years of independence laced with inter-tribal killings by the majority Shona and the once-dominant Ndebele. There have been world recession, drought, and famine on her borders. But returning visitors see little change in the country, few signs of antagonism or tension.

White citizens feel otherwise. Their anxiety about their future has been intensified by the government's reaction to the recent, supposedly democratic, elections. Prime Minister Mugabe's ruling Zimbabwe African National Union (ZANU) took 63 of the eighty seats reserved for blacks in the one hundred-member Parliament. Yet in two important ways the result was a setback for Mugabe. Fifteen of the twenty white seats went to former Prime Minister Ian Smith's Conservative Alliance of Zimbabwe, rather than to white candidates more likely to cooperate with ZANU. Moreover, Mugabe failed to take a single seat in Matabeleland, the southern stronghold of rival Joshua Nkomo's Zimbabwe African People's Union (ZAPU).

After the results were in, Mugabe threatened retaliation against the "racialist white electorate" for its support of Smith. Indeed, Mugabe went so far as to demand that employees identify any employer they suspected of having voted for Smith's party. His outbursts did little to calm the fears of those who are convinced that democracy and the idea of a loyal opposition are totally incompatible with African political attitudes, based as they are on a tribal structure with a paramount chief.

Temper Tantrums

MUGABE'S outbursts were even more unnerving considering that this was the last election in which the white electorate will be guaranteed its twenty seats. The Lancaster House agreement between Britain and her former colony, which guarantees white representation, expires in 1990. Mugabe has said he would like to eliminate the twenty-seat guarantee even before then. Moreover, after the election he renewed his call for a one-party state.

There were probably three reasons for Mugabe's hysterical reaction: He fears that his ZANU party might not be able to increase its present majority; that the ZAPU opposition might increase its representation; and that the white Independents, who have been cooperating with ZANU, will not be able to counterbalance any alliance between Smith and the opposition. Even Smith, a toothless lion since independence, was surprised by the results.

With 1990 just around the corner, the 1985 elections mark a new phase in the great experiment: seven and one-half million blacks and 96,000 whites living in a fragile slice of Africa, wedged between failed countries to the north and the gargantuan time bomb to the south. Success or disaster will depend upon the choices made by Robert Gabriel Mugabe.

Mugabe's Choice

RHODESIAN-born, at 57 he is tough, intense, ambitious, and clever. Educated by Jesuit missionaries, he took a BA in history and English along with a diploma in education at the University of Fort Hare (in South Africa), taught in various schools, joined the Communists, and became a leader in the vicious guerrilla war for Rhodesia, which ultimately brought majority rule and independence. During his ten years of imprisonment by Ian Smith's government, Mugabe earned several degrees by correspondence from the University of London, in education, science, economics, and administration. On his release in 1974 he was working on a Master of Law degree.

He is highly articulate and uses English brilliantly but without much wit or humor. He does not speak Ndebele, which limits direct communication with his countrymen, though English is the lingua franca of Central Africa. He has at times seemed genuinely committed to racial reconciliation and has

Dorothy White is a pseudonym for an African correspondent who has relatives in Zimbabwe.

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been curiously devoid of recrimination even in dealings with Ian Smith, the man who had refused him permission to leave prison to attend the funeral of his three-year-old son, his only child. Mugabe surrounds himself with urbane young Zimbabweans who are highly educated, polite, and well tailored. More than 90 per cent of the senior members of his cabinet are either graduates of American colleges, have taught in the United States prior to independence, or both. His Canadian- and British-educated minister of finance and senior advisor, Bernard Chidzero, is an optimistic idealist who insists economics must come before politics.

Previous to his post-election outburst, the prime minister had edged away from his one-party stand and softened his abrasive and unproductive railing against "capitalist America," "greedy multinationals," and "oppressive South Africa"—the last perhaps because landlocked Zimbabwe needs a port along with aid and trade. Moreover, before the election, he had announced that he was not seeking a mandate for a more socialist economy.

Nevertheless, Mugabe continues to indulge in frequent, expensive, and unsophisticated displays of vanity and power: His motorcades roar through empty streets with flags flying, sirens screaming. His undisciplined outriders, ablaze in dazzling uniforms, are swift to chastise any motorist who fails to halt in respect as the PM passes. Government begging-bowl junkets abroad are loaded with relatives and hangers-on, though at home the shortage of foreign currency has led to regulations limiting the yearly vacation allowance for residents to $350. His hundred-strong Korean-trained personal army is justified by the six known attempts on Mugabe's life. His fifty-member cabinet is the world's largest; the number of civil servants double and the standing army of 47,000 quadruple that of the old Rhodesia at war. A massive, multimillion-dollar conference center and hotel stand empty in Harare, while existing hotels average 35 per cent occupancy.

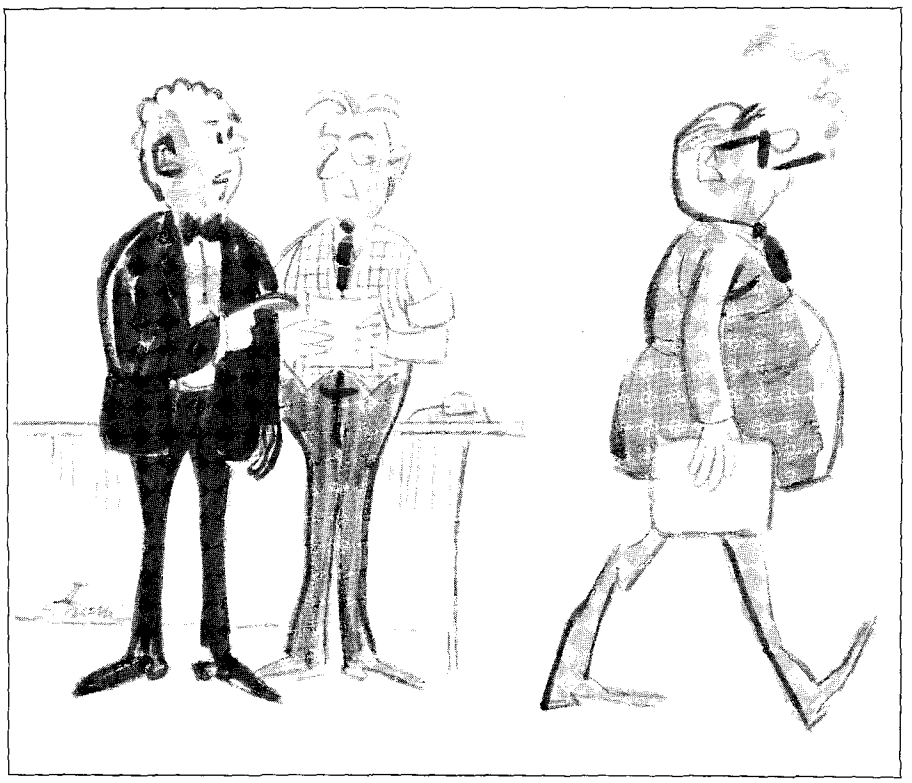
Inflation is 17 per cent, gasoline costs $6 per gallon, the Zimbabwe dollar is worthless outside the country, and crime has risen sharply. The explosive population growth of close to 4 per cent per year is second only to Kenya's. That means 300,000 new mouths for Zimbabwean farmers to feed every year. The seven and a half million Zimbabweans may become twenty million by the year 2000. The cost of producing food is extremely high because of the excessive cost of seed-corn, fertilizer, and transport; the lack of foreign currency for spare parts; and changing tastes among Zimbabweans, who now find white bread, refined sugar, and junk food preferable to their home-grown staples. According to the United Nations, per-capita food production is falling behind by 1 per cent per year, food imports have doubled during that time, and the price of imports has quintupled.

Servants and Sundowners

THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH is rapidly losing influence, and there is a noticeable return to ancient beliefs. Africans find the Trinity and Virgin birth baffling. A white God has little appeal in a country where the hue has historically been linked to oppression and exploitation. And Africans find Christian denominational variations confusing. There is a strong movement toward Mohammedanism.

White Zimbabweans are trickling back into the country. Emigrés often find they are unable to make a new life with the meager $1,500 they are permitted to take out of the country. The funds they leave behind are, by law, converted into government bonds paying only 4 per cent. Job opportunities are becoming scarce in South Africa, and conditions in England fall well below pre-war memories. So they return to a land that is still a paradise for Europeans content to live in the limbo of white parochialism and social climbing, and talk of the good old days over sundowners brought by a servant whose salary is $75 a month. The shortage of foreign currency means a shortage of books, magazines, and symphony orchestras, or any alternatives to the dismal government-controlled media. Intellectual stimulation is replaced by alcohol, bridge games, fishing, and pleasure in the natural beauty of the country: Victoria Falls, Kariba Dam, and Inyanga, and the great Zimbabwe ruin, Central Africa's sole contribution to centuries of Western civilization and culture.

There is still hope. Mugabe could still disengage from his Communist allies. He could learn from the failed nations that cover Africa and turn away from socialism and his dreams of a one-party state, and he could do more to reassure white Zimbabweans. But little now stands between Zimbabwe and the abyss that has swallowed so much of the continent. The next five years will tell. □



"B. R. is now so important he has an unlisted name in Who's Who."

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A LOT ABALONE

THE MIDDLE of August, 1984. The roar from the beat-up orange International Harvester forklift drowns out other sounds of new construction on Monterey's Cannery Row. Sitting straight up at the controls of the forklift, his curly white hair contrasting with a deep tan, George Lockwood, 49, shouts orders as he loads abalone tanks aboard a two-section flatbed tractor-trailer. His sweating crew watches the boss intently, quickly responding to each command to align the grey fiber-glass tanks piled one on top of the other in the wood-framed shipping crates. At each movement, the old forklift belches another blue cloud into the air.

The truck Lockwood is loading will haul the 24 tanks in this shipment north to Oakland. There another giant forklift will transfer the entire platform onto a sea-going barge. Lockwood is leaving Monterey. A decade before he had set out to create a new industry. He would raise abalone, one of the world's most expensive shellfish, on a mass scale "like chickens and turkeys." It was a risky proposition, but he succeeded, at least with abalone. But the state of California and the 55 different government agencies that claimed the right to interfere in some critical way in Lockwood's business proved too much of a challenge. So today he is heading for the Kona coast of Hawaii, where he has been promised a more hospitable reception.

An abalone is a mollusk, similar to a clam but with only half a shell, that thrives in the waters off California. It takes eight years to grow to maturity, then measures about eight inches across the length of its oval shell and weighs about four pounds. Abalone meat rates as a delicacy, particularly appreciated by the Japanese, and only the fanciest restaurants in California serve it. It is customarily deep-fried in bread crumbs, like Wiener schnitzel, and in fact tastes a bit like veal. The abalone catch today, however, is only 10 per cent of what it was twenty years ago. The meat can cost more than $25 per pound, and restaurant patrons rarely pay less than $20 for a very thin slice.

In the early Seventies, the continuing decline in the abalone harvest inspired Lockwood to consult with a poultry geneticist about the possibility of breeding the things and raising them commercially. They speculated about a process of highly controlled nutritional, environmental, and genetic conditions. With $250,000 in seed money from a handful of investors, Monterey Abalone Farms was born.

LOCKWOOD assumed that his time would be spent on research and business development. By 1975, he had perfected novel techniques for spawning and raising abalone in his lab, and he now stood ready to enter the production stage. After raising an additional $1 million, he remodeled an old sardine cannery on Monterey's Cannery Row. Then, "as soon as it became obvious that we were a business," the government got involved.

First, Lockwood had to get a business license from the city of Monterey, then a kelp harvester's license, a wholesale fish dealer and preserver's license, and an oyster grower's permit. But the California Coastal Commission (CCC) wouldn't approve the necessary land-use permits without the consent of the California Regional Water Quality Control Board (WQCB). The WQCB wouldn't consent.

Since its start in 1974, Monterey Abalone Farms had discharged sea water containing the abalone's natural eliminations into the ocean. Because of the multi-stage filtering and treatment process used by Lockwood, the discharged water was cleaner than when drawn from the bay. That didn't matter. The WQCB's position was that the abalone could not do on land what they did in the ocean without a waste-discharge permit. The WQCB dealt with Monterey Abalone Farms as if it were a sewage-treatment facility and required Lockwood to fill out the same thirty-page form as the city of Los Angeles.

Next came the Monterey County Health Department, which is charged with enforcing regulations on the taking of oysters, mussels, clams, and scallops—but not abalone. Those other shellfish take bacteria out of the water and store it in their guts. The abalone doesn't. Moreover, you don't eat the abalone gut. Health Department officials overlooked these points and decided to investigate Lockwood's operation. He spent the better part of a month proving to them that abalone was biologically different from the other shellfish and convincing them that the omission of abalone from their mandate was not merely an oversight. "When you do something new," says Lockwood, "bureaucracies don't know how to handle you."

Lockwood's system required a supply of undenatured alcohol, as well as some drugs and antibiotics for testing and treating the abalone. To get them he had to apply for permits and face inspections from the U.S. Treasury Department, the Food and Drug Administration, the Justice Department's Drug Enforcement Administration, and California's Board of Pharmacy.

In the spring of 1975, the National Marine Fisheries Service, a federal agency, advised Lockwood that the most effective way to sterilize water is to bubble ozone through it at a low-concentration level. At the concentration involved, ozone is harmless to people, though it can make them lightheaded, in which case they should

Mr. Moore heads MicroFocus, a publisher of business and financial periodicals. He has served as an editor of Inc. *magazine and has written for* Forbes.

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leave the area. The feeling quickly disappears. Monterey Abalone Farms bought a small ozone generator, and though neither Lockwood nor anyone else had ever felt any effects from the ozone, he allowed only two employees into the room in which it was used.

Early one morning a few months later, inspectors from the California Division of Industrial Safety (CAL-OSHA) showed up at the abalone farm and said they had been tipped off to a severe ozone hazard inside. Once the CAL-OSHA men had gotten in, Lockwood realized they didn't have any ozone-monitoring equipment. The chief inspector revealed that they intended to conduct a wall-to-wall safety inspection of all aspects of his business. Lockwood replied that since that was neither the expressed purpose of their visit nor the reason he'd allowed them in, they would have to leave. They refused and quickly cited Lockwood for 13 violations. Lockwood appealed all thirteen.

One violation cited was a standard conveyor belt hauling crates from the first to the second floor. It didn't have enough protective covering. An employee might catch a finger in the pulleys or the belt drives. The conveyor belt wasn't worth the cost of rebuilding it, so Lockwood removed it. A month later, an employee developed a hernia from lugging a heavy carton upstairs.

Eventually, two inspectors showed up with ozone-monitoring equipment. They found lower levels of ozone than in the air of Los Angeles. Lockwood won ten of the 13 appeals.

Next Lockwood found that the same government that was regulating him planned to become his biggest competitor. The California Department of Fish and Game wanted to cultivate shellfish. In 1976, it hired away Monterey Abalone's chief biologist, who had been privy to Lockwood's proprietary secrets about growing abalone. Should the state—with its great resources—exploit those secrets, Monterey Abalone Farms would be finished.

Lockwood sought from Fish and Game a promise that its new employee would not be involved in raising abalone. Fish and Game refused. Lockwood filed suit. Fish and Game backed down.

But the government still wanted to compete with Monterey Abalone Farms. The California Sea Grant Program, administered by the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration, started out as a good idea—a congressionally funded bridge between academia and industry for the practical application of oceanographic knowledge. Toward the end of 1976, however, Lockwood got wind of Sea Grant-funded abalone research being done at the University of California at Santa Barbara. The purpose of Sea Grant, he'd been assured by the director, was not to duplicate or compete with private-sector work but to open new areas.

Nevertheless, when the university refused to reveal the nature of its Sea Grant research, Lockwood got suspicious. He filed a formal demand under the California Freedom of Information Act for the relevant papers on the Santa Barbara project. He had been right. The Sea Grant people had in fact targeted taxpayers' dollars to create competition with Monterey Abalone Farms. The people running Sea Grant maintained that abalone was too valuable a resource for its cultivation to be left in the hands of private individuals.

Lockwood protested to Louisiana Congressman John Breaux, who had sponsored the Sea Grant legislation. Early in 1978, more than a year after Lockwood had first heard about the Santa Barbara project, Breaux called a meeting in his Washington office with Lockwood and the national director of Sea Grant. After several hours of questioning, Breaux pointed his finger at the national Sea Grant boss and fulminated, "We're not giving you money to compete with private enterprise." Sea Grant backed down.

DESPITE spending 60 per cent of his time throughout the last half of the 1970s dealing with the regulators, by 1980 Lockwood actually had his business running. Among his best customers were French restaurants that preferred tender, young two-inch abalone. But as soon as he started shipping the two-inchers in quantity, the Fish and Game Department pounced. By selling undersized abalone Lockwood was violating wildlife protection laws. But they aren't wildlife, he protested, they're farm-grown stock.

Doesn't matter, said the Fish and Game folks, we can't tell cultivated from wild ones, and if we permitted you to sell two-inchers other people would slip wild ones by us. They claimed "administrative convenience" —judicious enforcement is more trouble than a blanket prohibition. So Lockwood headed to Sacramento. There the staff attorneys for the state legislature declared that they never intended for the Fish and Game Department to regulate farmed marine stock. Lockwood later negotiated this point into the 1982 Aquaculture Development Act.

As excessive regulation eroded economic growth in California, demands for relief shook Sacramento. In 1979, the legislature enacted a bill creating the Office of Administrative Law (OAL) charged with screening every regulation for compliance with seven criteria. The seven points stipulated in part that the regulation be consistent with the agency's authority, that it be necessary, that it be written in clear English, that it not adversely affect small business. With prospects for an improved regulatory environment, Lockwood believed his problems were behind him. In 1980 he went searching for coastal property to grow kelp to feed his creatures.

He found some down the coast, south of Monterey. Since the California Coastal Commission had zoned this piece of land for agriculture, he assumed his project would qualify. The Coastal Commission, however, maintained that aquaculture was an industrial use and rejected his petition. A few months later, the state legislature passed the Aquaculture Development Act of 1982, which defined aquaculture as agriculture. It didn't help. Sure, said the CCC, Lockwood could go ahead with his abalone farming. But he couldn't put up any buildings to house his breeding tanks or production facilities because that would constitute a "commercial" use of the land zoned only for agriculture.

Lockwood could have fought and won. But he felt that, given the CCC's attitude, it would have been a Pyrrhic victory. "We could beat them here and there," he says now, "but they have the final word. When the system says 'No,' you go elsewhere."

In July 1984, Hawaiian Abalone Farms, George Lockwood president, broke ground at its new Kona coast facility, featuring newly perfected technology. Governor George Ariyoshi was there to welcome Hawaii's newest industry. □

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SHAKESPEARE IN THE WHITE HOUSE

PRESIDENT REAGAN may not be as thick-skinned as his publicists would have us believe. In Washington, the rumor is that the President is increasingly irritated by the media's jibes at his homespun speaking style.

White House sources say the President and his top aides recently met in secret at Camp David to deal with the crisis. Vice President George Bush, a blueblood with impeccable Ivy League credentials, urged a classical rhetoric on the President. But White House Chief of Staff Donald Regan reportedly warned against abandoning the pithy quotations the President favors. The result was a compromise. The quote format will stay, but, bowing to Bush's suggestion, the President will go with the classics—Shakespeare.

During a practice session the new press-conference strategy was tried out on the respected political columnist George Wont. A transcript follows:

GW: Mr. President, many social critics have charged that your latest round of budget cuts is cruel to the poor.

RR: I must be cruel, only to be kind.

GW: Sir, if not the poor, then whom do you see as the principal targets of your cuts in federal spending?

RR: The wealthy curled darlings of our nation.

GW: Mr. President, your Democratic critics in Congress are—

RR: Past hope, past cure, past help!

GW: Are there not doubters even within your own party?

RR: I am cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd, bound in to saucy doubts and fears.

GW: Former UN Ambassador Jeane Kirkpatrick says she was not allowed to speak out enough.

RR: The lady doth protest too much, methinks.

GW: Liberal Democrats are trying to derail your legislative program. Can they succeed?

RR: It would be argument for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest forever. I know a trick worth two of that.

GW: Senator Edward Kennedy has become more vociferous of late in attacking your policies. Have his remarks in the press found their mark?

RR: The text is old, the orator too green.

GW: Why do you think union leaders oppose your programs when so many union members voted for you last November?

RR: Policy sits above conscience.

GW: But, sir, you yourself were once a Democrat—and a union leader.

RR: My salad days, when I was green in judgment.

GW: Your relations with House Speaker O'Neill have become increasingly strained.

RR: He wears his wit in his belly.

GW: What about 1988? Would you care to comment on any of your would-be successors? What about Gary Hart?

RR: He is of a very melancholy disposition. He thinks too much. Such men are dangerous.

GW: Edward Kennedy?

RR: The exchequer of the poor? A politician. One who would circumvent God.

GW: Jesse Jackson?

RR: A fellow of no mark nor likelihood.

GW: What would you say if another Hollywood star traced your steps to the White House? Perhaps President Jane Fonda?

RR: An unlesson'd girl, unschool'd, unpractic'd; happy in this, she is not yet so old but she may learn.

GW: Sir, Ralph Nader continues to hammer away at the charge that your Administration has little regard for the American consumer.

RR: This wimpled, whining, purblind, wayward boy?

GW: Does he play any role in official Washington?

RR: Th'anointed sovereign of sighs and groans.

GW: Nicaraguan junta ruler Daniel Ortega has called you the single greatest obstacle to peace in Latin America.

RR: These words are razors to my wounded heart.

GW: He seems to take his cue from Cuban leader Fidel Castro.

RR: Egregiously an ass. When he is best, he is little worse than a man, and when he is worst, he is little better than a beast.

GW: But aren't you concerned that his volatile speeches in the Caribbean will sabotage any hopes for peace in the region?

RR: The saying is true, "The empty vessel makes the greatest sound."

GW: What's your opinion of Libyan President Muammar el-Qaddafi?

RR: Another lean unwash'd artificer chok'd with ambition of the meaner sort.

GW: Mr. President, what lifelong philosophy has inured you to the controversies that batter Presidents?

RR: They that stand high have many blasts to shake them.

GW: If you were to sum up your political philosophy in a phrase—something that would fit on a bumper sticker—how would it read?

RR: Old fashions please me best.

GW: But seriously, sir?

RR: I do love my country's good with a respect more tender, more holy and profound, than mine own life.

GW: And how has Mrs. Reagan helped you over the years?

RR: The very staff of my age, my very prop.

GW: Finally, Mr. President, what of the future? Do you have one wish beyond the Presidency?

RR: Toes unplagu'd with corns!

GW: Thank you, Mr. President. □

Mr. Methia is a "lifelong Democrat with a profound respect for Ronald Reagan." He teaches writing at New Bedford High School, New Bedford, Massachusetts.

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WITH ROUSSEAU IN LATIN AMERICA

As darkness fell, a tropical rainstorm pelted the bulletproof van that drove me to the Casa Blanca in San Salvador to meet briefly with President José Napoleón Duarte last month. Pulled from one meeting to another, the president finally found 15 minutes for me. Halfway through, the guerrillas blew a light tower, and without pausing the chief of state continued to converse in total darkness, until the emergency generator kicked in.

The president (whom I greatly admire) knew that I was lecturing on "Creation Theology" in El Salvador and Guatemala, as I had in Brazil and Argentina. He expressed a touch of impatience with my emphasis on *economics*. My theme was that democracies must help the poor to "better their condition" or else lose legitimacy. "My priorities," he responded, "are *hominization*, *pacification*, *participation*, *democratization*, and *reactivization*," pronouncing the words precisely as if they should be italicized. Only under the last heading did he include the word he preferred not to use, economics. He worried more about helping the informal economy than the formal one.

Among many people I met in Latin America, ideas like growth, incentives, profits, and a climate for investment and job-creation are faintly distasteful. For generations, conservative Latin Americans, for whom *liberalismo* means capitalism, individualism, and material progress, have said: "*Liberalismo es pecado*" (liberalism is sinful).

A priest in Guatemala explained to me how some of his brother priests, followers of liberation theology, unconsciously believe that countries like El Salvador and Guatemala will always remain poor, they're hopeless, and so the only Christian thing to do is to make sure that all "participate" in the poverty and come to share it in a "humane" way. Not for them economic growth and lifting the poor out of poverty. Some seem to imagine a kind of involuntary Franciscanism imposed upon all.

When Latin Americans say "rich," some do not think of persons born poor, whose talent, imagination, and inventiveness provide new goods and services for others; they think of large landholders who have been rich for generations and have done little to make the economic system churn with change, innovation, opportunity, and upward/downward mobility. Others think of the "rich" solely as *consumers* of Sonys, GE refrigerators, and other First World hardware. They do not think of them as job-creators, investors, and producers of opportunity.

Cartoon ads in newspapers, sponsored by Christian groups, mock the U.S. dollar as a false god. Such ads use Biblical texts to assert that poverty and fraternal leveling are the sole Christian way. They give not a hint that business, entrepreneurship, and economic activism might be crucial Christian vocations, of indispensable aid to the poor. Indeed, some Christians clearly confuse the pre-capitalist order they inherit, led by landholders, with the new dynamics of capitalism, of which they see so few signs. They resent both the old order and its new alternative.

A journalist in Brazil explained to me that many, influenced by liberation theology, are the children of Rousseau and the Franciscan social mystic, Joachim of Floris (1132-1202). They desire a "new age" of nostalgia and innocence, without the complexities of a modern political economy. They do not wish to deal with the abiding selfishness in individuals. They want to abolish the old order, so as to liberate the "Gentle Savage" hidden within each simple and fraternal human heart. More like Rousseau than Marx, some liberation theologians think private property damaging.

To this end, Biblical texts are endlessly quoted. The Bible is used as a plan for a new "fraternal" order, a seemingly innocent utopianism that evokes a dream of "paradise." Thence begins the ominous journey from Rousseau to Marx. For such persons, democracy and capitalism appear to be too messy, too complex, too reliant on fallible checks-and-balances, and insufficiently childlike. Alas, it is true that democracy and capitalism are ideas acquired by those no longer young, those who have watched beautiful abstractions end in murder.

In Brazil, 37 per cent of the population is under 15 years of age; elsewhere the percentage is higher. Just for children already born, some seventy million new jobs will have to be created in Latin America by 1999. These jobs are not likely to be found in traditional agriculture. By 1999, the multinationals (which seem to be withdrawing) will probably be hiring fewer workers than at present. Thus, Latin America urgently needs about twenty million new small enterprises, each hiring three to twenty workers. So far, though, there is pitifully little moral support in Latin America for entrepreneurship. Jobs are desired, but the job-creators are despised.

Latin America is desperate for realistic economic progress. Fortunately, in virtually every country there are brilliant students of the liberal society, devoted both to democracy and to economic creativity. During the past twenty years, several million youngsters have graduated from the universities. Latin America has always excelled in natural resources; it is only beginning to excel in inventiveness. Thus, as in France and Italy, the "blue [liberal] revolution" is capturing the imagination of the young. Such new liberals must fight against traditionalists and conservatives on the right and against Marxists and "Franciscans" on the left. Their strongest ally is reality. □

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MITTERRAND'S NIGHTMARE

THE POLITICAL WINDS in France are blowing to the right these days, in the wake of the failure of President François Mitterrand's experiment with doctrinaire socialism. In order to prevent total economic collapse, the right wing of the Socialist Party is now in the ascendant.

This shift to the right led a year ago to the end of the Popular Front when Mitterrand's four Communist cabinet members resigned. They refused to remain in the cabinet after the resignation of Premier Pierre Mauroy last July 17, when it had become apparent that the Socialists' industrial restructuring plan was a failure in every respect. Mauroy's approval rating had dropped from 70 to 30 per cent in French public-opinion polls in three years as a result not only of the recession brought on by Mitterrand's inflationary economic policies, but also by opposition to other Socialist programs, such as the attempt to take control of France's large, mostly Catholic, private-school system—the *écoles libres*. Mauroy was replaced by former Industry Minister Laurent Fabius, a right-wing member of the Socialist Party who had two years earlier, when appointed to that post, announced that "the private sector is predominant in France, and it is going to stay that way."

This shift of power within the Socialist Party has led to a closer, though still hesitant, collaboration between the two moderate segments of the French Right. The moderate Right currently feels menaced by the increasing power of the extreme Right, under Jean-Marie Le Pen. Le Pen, who was a French officer during the Algerian war, derives his electoral strength from continuing high unemployment in France and the concomitant widespread dislike for North African workers, most of them Algerians, who fill many of the bottom-rung jobs in the country. His party, the National Front, might rally as much as 10 per cent of the vote in the elections for the Chamber of Deputies next March—possibly, say some (although it seems improbable), getting more seats than the Communist Party.

What will the two leaders of the moderate Right—Paris Mayor Jacques Chirac and former President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing—do about Le Pen? They say they will not collaborate with him. They are hoping to get a clear majority between them, in which case they would form a joint government. But what will happen if they need Le Pen's deputies in order to oust the ruling Socialists? Most Frenchmen think that under those circumstances they could change their minds, but Le Pen would surely drive a hard bargain in terms of cabinet posts as well as matters of policy. Le Pen is a law-and-order man and would certainly insist on stiffer law enforcement and a crackdown on criminals—especially if they are foreigners.

If the Socialists do lose that election, it will result in a constitutional crisis. Under the Fourth (post-World War II) Republic there were perpetual changes of cabinets, some lasting only weeks or days, as the contending parties in the Chamber of Deputies formed short-lived coalitions and alliances. But in 1958, after de Gaulle's return, the French adopted a system closer to the American model: They retained the prime ministry, but the popularly elected president was given much more power. And, under the Fifth Republic, presidential elections are not synchronized with parliamentary elections; a president is elected for seven years, a parliament for five years, so Mitterrand will remain president until 1988 no matter what happens next year. However, France is an ideologically oriented nation; whereas American Presidents have served without majorities in either House of Congress, a French president opposed by both Chambers is unimaginable. In the French Senate, the Socialists and Communists combined are already in the minority. What will happen if the Socialists also lose the lower Chamber?

THIS QUESTION has been widely discussed for the past couple of years. When mass demonstrations forced the cancellation of Socialist plans to "nationalize" the *écoles libres* last summer, the question arose again. Some observers suggested Mitterrand might come to some arrangement with the moderate Right. My French friends doubted this at the time, but they no longer do. There are even tangible signs that Mitterrand might be changing his views—or, rather, returning to earlier views: as a young man he was a follower of *Action Française*.

Recently he was spotted by reporters in Bonn carrying a copy of a book by the great French nationalist Maurice Barrès. And not too long ago he visited Ernst Jünger, Germany's most outstanding rightist and anti-Nazi author. The two had met last year at the great reconciliation ceremony with Chancellor Helmut Kohl in Verdun, where Jünger gave the memorial speech in French. One can imagine the reaction of French leftist intellectuals when Mitterrand used a recent meeting with Kohl in Constance to make a side trip to Wilflingen, where Jünger lives.

All these straws in the wind as to how François Mitterrand will react to a probable moderate-to-Right victory next summer are just that. There is no historical precedent in the nearly thirty years of the Fifth Republic of a president who could not put together a parliamentary majority. But then Mitterrand is the only Socialist president in the history of the Fifth Republic. His predecessors, Charles de Gaulle, Georges Pompidou, and Valéry Giscard d'Estaing, were all men of the Right. □

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ON WHOSE SIDE IS HISTORY?

STANLEY L. JAKI

To ask, in these times, the question "On whose side is history?" is to risk sliding into politics—a discussion of capitalism versus Communism. Nikita Khrushchev's warning to Americans ("We will bury you") was a particularly crude answer to this question in political terms, but it was also a statement of the fundamental Marxist dogma according to which history is merely the offspring of the tools of production. History—that is, final victory—will therefore be on the side of those possessing the greatest competency in forging the tools best suited to produce the best society.

Unlike the concept of the best society, the making of the best tools is hardly a debatable matter. Tool-making is no longer a matter for tinkerers, but has become the task of the most exact sciences. Now, Marxism has always claimed to be a scientific ideology—indeed, the only true scientific ideology. In the preface to the second edition of *Das Kapital* Marx claimed to have offered a theory of economics no less exact than Newton's celestial mechanics. Countless Marxists followed suit in repeating the same claim from different perspectives: The title of this essay is merely a variation on the title of the book *History Is on Our Side*, published about forty years ago by a prominent British Marxist, Joseph Needham.

That Professor Needham was, and still is, a Marxist is not my chief reason for recalling him and his book; rather, it is that just when Professor Needham—a biochemist by training—published that book, he was embarking on a monumental project on the history of science in ancient China. As a Marxist he felt certain that the long subjection of the Chinese people to feudal lords and a feudal type of economy was the reason why science had not been born in China. But by the time Professor Needham finished (around 1955) the second volume of his now nine-volume work, he had reached a totally different conclusion. As he put it in the final section of that second volume, the Chinese of old failed in science because they had failed in theology. Having rejected, sometime in the early second millennium B.C., their belief in a personal, rational, and transcendental Creator, a Lawgiver, the Chinese lost confidence in the ability of the human mind to fathom the laws of nature.

So much from Professor Needham and so much by way of advance apology if I happen to come near politics, as I try to provide, in my capacity as a historian of science, an answer to the question "On whose side is history?"

We might begin the inquiry by giving history itself a brief look. The origins of historiography, like the origins of many other branches of learning, go back to the Greeks—Herodotus, Xenophon, and Polybius. They were excellent narrators, consummate analysts, and even psychoanalysts and psychohistorians. Yet none of them raised the question of why human history exists and whether it has meaning. On the sole occasion on which Polybius came fairly close to raising that question, he answered it in such a way as to make of it sheer mockery.

For modern Western man the question "On whose side is history?" may invite a definite and meaningful answer. Not so for Polybius. In relating the Roman conquest of Greece, he put history on the side of the Romans—in his eyes, a nation of barbarians—but only for a while: The Romans, Polybius wrote, would ultimately go down in defeat because nothing—no power, no society, no army—is above the basic law of history. That law was for Polybius and the Greeks of old the law of the wheel, or the inevitable sequence in which birth and death, progress and decay, success and failure alternated to no end.

The symbol of that chain of ups and downs was the *gammadion*, the Greek word for swastika, a standard decoration in many Roman and Greek mosaics. In Sanskrit *swastika* is a compound word of *su* and *asti*, that is, of *well* and *being*, or *well-being*. Whether this being caught in the endless treadmill of ups and downs, of endless births, deaths, rebirths, and deaths again, can logically be called well-being is not the purpose of this essay to decide. Tellingly, the sign was most popular among both the Greeks and the Romans when their fortunes seemed to be on the rise, when they felt themselves riding the crest of the wave.

In adopting the swastika as their emblem, the Nazis

Stanley L. Jaki, a Hungarian-born Benedictine priest, is Distinguished University Professor at Seton Hall University in South Orange, New Jersey.

J. O. Tate is a professor of English at Dowling College on Long Island, New York, and a member of the editorial board of The Flannery O'Connor Bulletin.

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Annie Alleman

were certainly logical. Their neopaganism harked back to pre-Christian paganism. The Nazis were logical also in stating that the New Europe they aimed at establishing would not last forever. Just as the swastika was turning, their fortunes too would eventually take a downward turn. Luckily, and contrary to their expectations, their downfall occurred not after a thousand years but rather in a mere fraction of that time.

But to return to the Greeks and Romans: One of the great military contests between them took place in Magna Graecia, or Sicily; at Syracuse, to be specific. On account of its geographical location alone, Syracuse was a hard nut to crack; it had to appear downright impregnable when its natural defenses had been supplemented by the efforts of Archimedes, the greatest scientist-engineer of all antiquity. His catapults hurled enormous rocks. His huge cranes picked up Roman ships from the sea as soon as they reached the walls of Syracuse. Yet none of these engineering triumphs could persuade the Romans to lift the siege of Syracuse. The case might have been quite different if Archimedes had been an expert on ballistics. On this point, the study of motion, which is the very soul and foundation of physics, the Greeks made no advances whatever.

Nor, for that matter, did the Chinese. The case of the Chinese is all the more tantalizing because they had to their credit three inventions—block-printing, gunpowder, and magnets—that Francis Bacon naïvely claimed for his own times and in which he saw the beginning of science. It would indeed be tempting to picture the ancient Chinese sailing along the Aleutian Islands, carrying small cannons, as the Spanish conquistadors were to do, and colonizing Alaska, British Columbia, California, the Rockies, the Great Plains, the Ohio Valley, and New England for good measure. North American atlases would now list New Shanghai instead of New York, New Peking instead of New Jersey, and, *horribile dictu*, New Mongolia instead of New Haven. As for Boston, no more than a hyphen (Bos-Ton) might have been needed. All this could easily have happened if the Chinese of old had been scientific in the sense of steadily developing their inventions. History—global history—would have been on their side.

History first became global history in the seventeenth century, when global history became Western history. But Western man could not have conquered the globe had he not had science and technology on his side. (Whether the simultaneous growth of dynamics and the military science of ballistics has been an unmixed blessing is another question.) At any rate, history for the past three hundred years has been on the side of the West, and remains so. Furthermore, serious challenges to the global domination of the West are made essentially on a scientific basis. Without Soviet scientists there would be no Soviet superpower, and without the wide availability of modern technology there would be no wars of "liberation" around the globe. Even China with her enormous superiority in manpower will not represent a tangible threat to the West until Chinese science and technology catch up with Western science and technology, a feat not easily accomplished given the rate at which progress in these areas is occurring.

How did the West acquire in the first place its astonishing scientific lead? It did so by rejecting what was distinctly and fundamentally pagan in ancient Greek science. This may sound a strange proposition to anyone who thinks that science is no more than a manipulation of quantities which in themselves are neither pagan nor Christian. But science—especially the science of motion—has always implied, and will forever imply, certain basic philosophical presuppositions.

Motion for the Greeks was eternal and uncreated; such was certainly the belief of Aristotle, the foremost theorist of motion in Greek antiquity. When Aristotle became fully known in the West in the late thirteenth century, Western Europe was deeply Christian. The newly established universities taught everything that could be known (that is why they were called universities) but they taught it from the Christian perspective, the cardinal and essential point of which is the dogma of creation in time. This dogma means that the past history of the world is finite, that there is a point back in history where all motion had to start. This perspective was inconceivable, or at least repugnant, to the Greeks, but was most natural for Christians. This same idea—that everything, all motion, had to have an absolute starting point—was also the natural start of science as we know it: a science in which one discovery generates another discovery, a science that cannot be stopped.

In intellectual history, actual starting points are difficult

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to specify. Who was the first novelist? Who was the first economist? Who was the first military strategist? Who was the first Impressionist? Unlike these questions, which hardly admit an unambiguous answer, it is fairly easy to identify the first modern physicist. He was Jean Buridan, professor of philosophy at the Sorbonne around 1330. His lectures were, as were all university lectures at that time, commentaries on the works of Aristotle. In his consideration of the passage where Aristotle wrote, in his cosmology *On the Heavens*, that the universe and the motion of the stars were eternal, Buridan did two things. First, he voiced his profound disagreement with Aristotle. The notion of the eternity of the universe and of all motion (including the motion of the stars) could not be true because it contradicted Christian Revelation, according to which God created the universe in time. Second, Buridan offered a splendid speculation about the origin of the motion of the stars:

> When God created the world, He moved each of the celestial orbs as he pleased, and in moving them He impressed in them impetuses which moved them without His having to move them any more except by the method of general influence whereby He concurs as a co-agent in all things which take place; . . . these impetuses which He impressed in the celestial bodies were not decreased nor corrupted afterward, because there was no resistance which would be corruptive or repressive of that impetus.

ton's first law of motion, is—conceptually but also historically—the beginning of modern science. Buridan's statement was copied in countless manuscripts, which students at the University of Paris carried far and wide in Europe; it was repeated and commented upon many times during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. This statement, or its equivalent, was well known to Galileo and Descartes, who are still credited with the formulation of Newton's first law by historians of science who have failed to do their homework properly.

That is a glaring miscarriage of justice, but only one of the many perpetrated in the academic world, which has also refused to take proper notice of one of the most important discoveries in the historiography of science. That discovery took place in Bordeaux in early 1906 in the modest home of a professor of physics at the University of Bordeaux. Pierre Duhem, then 45 years old and a widower, already had a world reputation as an expert on thermodynamics and continuum mechanics. Until two years before, Duhem had taken for granted that there was no "science" in the Middle Ages; that the theological mentality of medieval universities was inimical to creative scientific thought. He had taken for granted the notion that the Middle Ages had been a period of scientific eclipse because, in his time, this notion had been for two hundred years a hallowed tenet of cultural respectability. It derived partly from the reformers' scorn for medieval Catholicism and partly from the hostility of the leaders of the French

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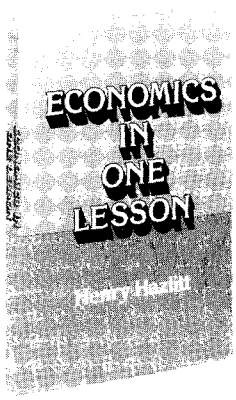
ECONOMICS IN ONE LESSON



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RANDOM NOTES

☐ MORE AUGUST TITLES: In *Surrender and Survival: The Experience of American POWs in the Pacific, 1941-1945* (Morrow, $18.95), E. Bartlett Kerr—himself the son of a prisoner of war who failed to survive captivity—documents the experience of the 25,000 Americans who suffered in the prison camps of East Asia.

Africa: The People and Politics of an Emerging Continent (Simon & Schuster, $19.95), by Sanford J. Ungar, argues that the forty-some nations of the Dark Continent are worse off today than they were under European domination, and criticizes the United States for its failure to develop a coherent policy in regard to them.

In *The News at Any Cost: How Journalists Compromise Their Ethics to Shape the News* (Simon & Schuster, $18.95), Tom Goldstein, formerly a reporter for the Associated Press and the *New York Times*, accuses journalists in the post-Watergate era of betraying the public trust they won during that period and challenges them to adopt a less arrogant mien while working to improve the ethics of their profession.

With *The Human Animal* (Simon & Schuster, $19.95), philosopher Phil Donahue emerges from the chrysalis of television in order to tackle the Big Problems (How Human Beings Differ from Animals; Nature *v.* Nurture; The Differences between Men and Women; etc.).

The Kremlin Conspiracy (Stein & Day, $15.95), by E. Howard Hunt, is an exciting spy-thriller about a former German foreign minister who, as a leader of the European peace movement, is also working as an agent of the Soviet Union.

☐ COMING IN SEPTEMBER: *Owen Wister: Chronicler of the West, Gentleman of the East* (SMU Press, $24.95), by Darwin Payne, is an excellent biography of the most complex of American eccentrics, who also invented the Western cowboy novel, by a professor of journalism at Southern Methodist University. —CW

Enlightenment to anything Christian. While by 1900 the Middle Ages had been rehabilitated from the viewpoint of the arts, of social organization, of welfare, and of literature, nobody dared to think that there was any science, let alone good science, to look for in the Middle Ages.

Pierre Duhem, the theoretical physicist, was led to the science of the Middle Ages because he felt that theoretical physics, like anything else, is fully and properly understood only if taken not just in itself but also in its historical development. In tracing the concept of virtual velocity—the foundation of dynamics—farther and farther back in history, Duhem had to go beyond Galileo to Galileo's teachers, Benedetti and Stevin, and beyond these to Cardan. The latter's cryptic reference to a mysterious Jordanus helped Duhem discover an until then unsuspected period of science culminating in the work of two fourteenth-century professors of the Sorbonne, Buridan and his disciple, Nicole Oresme, who subsequently became bishop of Lisieux.

Duhem's was not an easy and straightforward search. He had no previous scholar to lead him. He had no printed material to rely upon. He had to go through countless medieval manuscripts that nobody had touched for centuries. He had to teach himself medieval handwriting, or rather the many forms of medieval Latin stenography, which varied from area to area, from century to century. He had no secretaries, no research assistants, no eager graduate students, no interlibrary service, not even ballpoint pens. At every half-line he had to dip his pen into the inkwell, adjust the measure of ink taken up by the pen, shift the blotter, and resume writing. He had no photo-copying machines, no dictaphones. He filled 120 notebooks, of two hundred pages each, with long excerpts from medieval manuscripts. He did all that with an often-trembling right hand which he had to steady with his left so that his handwriting might be decipherable not only by himself but also by the printer.

The effort was monumental and so was the result; the ten huge volumes of *Le système du monde*, the three huge volumes of his Leonardo studies (reprinted last year for the third time), and the two huge volumes of *Les origines de la statique*. As one historian of science said of Duhem: He revolutionized the history of science by creating the historiography of science.

Much of this may produce a touch of disbelief. How is it that, if such a great feat had been accomplished almost eighty years ago, nothing has been said of it in typical college surveys on the history of science, or in general surveys of early modern Europe? The answer to this question is simple and was in fact given as early as 1911, in a sumptuous volume on the history of the Sorbonne written by Louis Liard, director of French higher education. Liard was enough of a French chauvinist to present the Sorbonne in as much glory as possible—but only so long as that glory was not a Christian glory. So he kept silent on the subject of Duhem and his epoch-making discovery, although he was fully aware of Duhem's major publications.

Duhem himself did his best to alert his fellow Catholics, especially the teaching members of the clergy, to what was at stake. He urged the establishment of two chairs at the Institut Catholique, one for the philosophy of science and the other for the history of science. Familiar with the chief strategy of the antagonists of Christianity, who had for a century been expropriating science for their own purposes, Duhem saw that a pivotal task of Christendom consisted in setting forth the true cultural history of the West even if that history would be branded as revisionist history in many circles.

In that true history, science would no longer appear as something that could have arisen only when Christianity had been discredited; rather, science would be recognized as owing its very birth to Christianity. In other words, Duhem called for exposing a chief and carefully cultivated trickery of the Western intellectual establishment: the "scholarly" lie that science and Christianity are irreconcilable. By 1936—twenty years after Duhem's death—a concerted effort was under way among influential historians of science to discredit Duhem's scholarship either by silence or by condescending phrases; and that effort is under way still. It will never be forgiven him in some circles that like a David he slew a Goliath—a lie of gigantic proportions according to which Christianity had to be discredited so that science might arise.

This story—which is fully exposed in my recently published book, *Uneasy Genius: The Life and Work of Pierre Duhem*—is not mentioned here as a reminder of old accounts to be settled: Such would not be a Duhemian attitude at all. History, or the history of science, had for Duhem three main lessons. One was a rather sad lesson. Sad indeed is the history of science insofar as it shows—to recall a phrase of Duhem—the repeated apostasies of the

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human mind, the repeated yielding to pleasing but obvious fallacies taken for basic frameworks of explanation. Such a fallacy was at work when Newtonian physics was taken for the proposition that everything is machine; another is at work when relativistic physics is taken for the claim that everything is relative; still another is at work when quantum mechanics is taken for a denial of causality.

Another lesson, a potentially encouraging one, is related to the future. The history of science was, in Duhem's eyes, a process guided by an *idée directrice*, which he as a staunch Catholic was not ashamed to call simply Divine Providence.

But there was a third lesson as well, which dawned on Duhem in 1915 when the enormous bloodletting of World War I led him to perceive science as a sin against the Holy Spirit. By then the number of casualties on both sides was well over three million, a slaughter made possible only by the contribution of science to military technology. Duhem did not live to write the lecture series he had planned on man's sinful misuse of science, nor of course did he live to see the 25 to thirty million dead of World War II.

It should not be difficult to guess what he would say today. As a man of principle and a sworn enemy of any appeasement with half-truths—let alone with plain lies—he would not view ruthless dictatorships as being merely aged bureaucracies. He would also have a word or two for the Western democracies. Although a fierce defender of academic freedom and of professional independence from imposed constraint, religious or political, Duhem was no friend of democratic politics. He had a high regard for the idea of democracy, but he knew that modern democracies are often exercises in pragmatism in which success is confused with truth. It could not have escaped him, a sharp logician, that pragmatism is frequently a mere bargaining for time.

That is why he would say today that the future, or history, is not necessarily on the side of the West, in spite of the West's unquestionable superiority, technological and scientific, over the rest of the world. Pragmatism may be unsurpassable in mustering know-how, for this is what pragmatism is about. But pragmatism is know-how without inspiration, unless it is the inspiration of mere profit. It is without a soul and, for all its determination, it is never sufficiently determined. It may provide new sets of superweapons, but it is unable to produce judicious and principled persons who will not abuse their potentially destructive science. Pragmatism is the great breeding place of professional appeasers, who will blink first when the great confrontation presents itself.

For, ultimately, the question "On whose side is history?" will not be determined by science, or rather by proficiency in science. History will be on the side of those who have the greatest determination, the most steadfast spirit—moral characteristics that are never the pride of places and cultures in which the highest premium is put on immediate self-gratification.

But is science merely a passive tool in the great historical drama conjured up by the question "On whose side is history?" Is science going to be but a tool that creates security for the affluent, or makes life easy for the tyrant, or turns all men into dehumanized robots? Is there in science something that would play an active role, and a role for the better, as mankind heads into an increasingly scientific future, from which there is no turning back?

A glance at the present world situation may suggest that there is indeed an active and constructive role for science. In these days, when all eyes are riveted on the Middle East, nothing is so tempting as to look upon Muslim revivalism—which is boiling from Indonesia to Morocco, from Afghanistan to Nigeria—as an upsurge of transient fanaticism that will blow itself out in the not-too-distant future: a perfectly pragmatic appraisal, representing pragmatic superficiality in its most highly developed form.

What is happening in the Muslim world is not so much an outburst of fanaticism as a frantic last-ditch effort to ward off the specter of—well, not of capitalism, nor of Communism, nor of hedonism—but of science. What is occurring in the Muslim world today is a confrontation, not between God and the devil, identified with capitalism or Communism, but between a very specific God and a very specific antagonist of that God: the Allah of the Koran, in whom the will wholly dominates the intellect, and science.

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Annie Alleman

A thousand years ago the great Muslim mystics al-Ashari and al-Ghazzali denounced natural laws, the very objectives of science, as a blasphemous constraint upon the free will of Allah. Today, the impossibility of making ends meet without science forces the Muslim world to reconsider its notion of Allah. It is an agonizing process, which, in spite of the bloodshed, may, in the long run, bring a more rational mentality to troubled parts of the world.

In speaking about the active role of science in shaping history, the status of science in the Soviet Union provides another telling insight. It is little remembered today that in 1952, when Stalinist ideological control was at its peak, physicists and physicists alone were able to maintain some independence of thought. The Marxist state, which rode roughshod over any and all opposition, had to yield when told by leading physicists that they could deliver to Party and state the needed technological breakthroughs only if they were allowed to think freely.

China, the no longer sleeping giant of the future, provides another insight into the constructive role science can play in history. The rupture between Communist China and Communist Russia represents more than regional rivalry and ethnic antagonism. Communist China had to open up to the West, had to liberalize its daily life, had to acknowledge, however modestly, the role of the individual, precisely because it needed the science that only the West could deliver and that can only be handled effectively through a greater infusion of the Western spirit.

Meanwhile, in the West, the active role of science is all too obvious. The West is in the throes of the abuse of science on a vast scale. The threat of cancer-producing chemicals has been daily news for the past dozen years. The threat of acid rain, of dioxide, of aerosol spray, is too frequent a topic to need more than mere mention. While we humans may have saved ourselves from being poisoned by exhaust fumes, some of our finest forests are perishing. No less a threat than the prospect of nuclear holocaust is the threat of possible misuses of genetic engineering. Perhaps the ever present possibility of ever greater misuses of the ever finer tools provided by science will spark a renewed interest in old-fashioned moral fiber. The Three Mile Island debacle demonstrates the point: The trouble there was not so much with nuclear engineering as with the functionaries who, for the sake of profit, left incompetent technicians in key posts of control.

Science may spark a moral reawakening here in this very pragmatic part of the world. Science may inspire greater rationality in lands where blind will is worshipped. Science may extort more and more freedom from institutionalized oppression. Science may, for the sheer necessity of survival, secure greater respect for thousands of millions of individuals who have been treated in recent decades like so many ants. Science may banish witchcraft from its last strongholds. Science, provided it is not abused, may provide hope for a better future, which will see history coming down not on this side or that side but on all sides —on the side of mankind as a whole.

The likelihood of this eventuality rests largely with the scientists themselves. They often boast that, whereas artists and philosophers—to say nothing of politicians—usually wind up in mutual incomprehension at international meetings, men of science can readily understand one another. These scientists, however, rarely remind themselves that their language—the language of quantities—is a very limited language; and much less do they trouble themselves to recall that the origin of that language is in a broadly shared vision of the whole material world as the embodiment of quantities.

This vision first became a commonplace in those same Middle Ages that gave the world a Buridan and an Oresme, when—to quote E. Curtius, a Protestant and one of the foremost students of medieval literature—the most often quoted phrase of the Scriptures was not a phrase from the Gospels or from St. Paul but one from the Book of Wisdom. There, God is praised for having disposed everything according to measure, number, and weight. Of course, the medievals knew that God was not restricted to any specific system of numbers, weights, and measures. They knew that the actual universe, as a creation of God, could have been otherwise, that it could not be necessary, but had to be contingent or conditioned on a divine decision.

That the world—the universe—might have been different is one of the great lessons of twentieth-century science. No wonder that Einstein, around 1950, felt the need to reassure a friend that in spite of his science he had not yet fallen into the hands of the priests. He also admitted that his science was lending itself to an art in which Catholic priests had long excelled: the art of natural theology, of constructing rational proofs of the existence of God, an art long since given up by liberal Christianity and recently abandoned by neo-modernist Catholicism as well.

Does all this mean that history will be on the side of dogmatic Christianity, and partly because of science? The opportunity is tremendous. To make the most of it, a concerted effort is required on the part of Christian scholars still holding fast to dogmas that have always been matched by good natural theology. If they fail to make that effort they will become easy prey to powers far less organized

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than the one once represented by Khrushchev as being ready and willing to bury them. They will hang separately if they will not hang together, and if they do not hang on with all their strength to the consistent defense, the rock called Peter, of the dogma of the createdness of all.

That rock may have had its momentary quarrel with individual scientists, or rather with men of science who turned their good science into bad philosophy and theology. That rock will pity men of science who, in Toynbee's words, are "trying to catch an angel in their butterfly net." That rock will safely outlive self-styled Christian men of science who, with Alistair Hardy, a Nobel laureate and Templeton Prize winner, "do not think there can be any future for orthodox Christian beliefs." At any rate, that rock stands firmly for the world view which provided the indispensable spark for the birth of science, and with which science must side if it is to remain true to its ongoing creativity. Only when steeped in that world view can scientists marshal the moral strength commensurate with the opportunity to let history be on everyone's side. □

THE ROOT OF ALL GOOD

J. O. Tate

North Gladiola, by James Wilcox (Harper & Row, 264 pp., $15.95)

THE REPRESENTATION of "contemporary American culture" (that double oxymoron denoting a Sargasso Sea, or a black hole) through the grand-opening ceremonies of the new BurgerMat in Tula Springs, Louisiana—particularly as that ritual resounds with the dulcet dissonances of the Pro Arts Quartet—can hardly be bettered.

Carrying her cello in a pasteboard case, Mrs. Ethyl Mae Coco, her own worst enemy, suffers all the self-inflicted missiles of outrageous foolishness as she steers the Pro Arts Quartet from one misadventure to another. That disharmonious string ensemble, rife with resentment, has a way of becoming the Pro Arts Quintet or the Pro Arts Trio, even as Mrs. Coco's highly unsatisfactory family has a way of agglomerating and disintegrating. I mean, life isn't easy when your Korean second fiddle is in love with you and is working on his doctorate in tourism at St. Jude College in Ozone.

Mrs. Coco is in a peck of trouble. Her family gives her nothing but grief. Her husband, the Italian, is a "Victorian dowager" who buys piles of fertilizer and mounds of rotting onions because the price is right. Her children are a mess, as Mrs. Coco demonstrates in a letter to her son Sam, who has, from Banff, Alberta, solicited a $40 contribution for Friends of the Earth:

> Helen Ann has taken it into her head to quit giving riding lessons so she can farm crickets—practically forty years old and she's farming crickets. I asked the mailman what crickets were used for, besides eating clothes, and he thought some people like to put them in cages. Lucy got a poem published in something called *Tri-Quarterly*, which I asked her not to send me since there's only so much filth a mother can pretend to be proud of. (You remember the last magazine she was published in—those drawings.) Larry has finally gotten himself a job. He's selling guns now in Lake Charles, which makes me almost wish he were back on unemployment. Amy, you know, will be going to Southwestern in September, but this summer she's working in a car wash. My granddaughter in a car wash—I ask you, Sam, what's this family coming to?
>
> Love,
> Mom

But this is only the beginning. The ultramontane Mrs. Coco doesn't want her son George Henry to marry a Jewish hot-tub salesperson, but neither does she want him to go back to his first wife, Connie, who is sometimes a lesbian and sometimes not. To Mrs. Coco's claim that she herself is not bisexual, her son's reply is, "You're not sexual, period." The psychobabble with which George Henry rationalizes his relations with two remarkable women is worthy of Dr. Ruth Westheimer. No wonder Mrs. Coco sometimes drinks too much of that $4.98 a gallon rosé she favors (with some Sweet 'n Low added, of course).

Mrs. Coco lives in a world in which she can correctly declare, "London Bridge is in Arizona." That world is the same one we all live in. Turning from that world to the pages of this novel, we must say that James Wilcox is scrupulously alert to the anachronisms, confusions, displacements, and absurd juxtapositions of everyday life. Wilcox's fiction rests on a technique of surreal transcription, on effects of historical montage and acoustical collage. The author's voice, collapsing one thing with another in the accordionlike squeeze of consumer culture, imposes a style, asserts a vision:

> Dick's China Nights was the most expensive restaurant in Tula Springs, offering a variety of Mandarin and Polynesian specialties, along with a full selection of French and traditional American dishes, including diet hot dogs. Mr. Qumquist, who managed Dick's as well as the BurgerMat, had read in a trade magazine that classical music stimulated the vagus nerve, so in hopes of making people hungrier, he decided to give the Pro Arts a try. A little worn out from their engagement at the Bottle Bazaar that afternoon, the quartet dined gratis on chop suey with the busboys in the kitchen before setting up in the main room. Mrs. Coco, who had refused to comply with the request to wear something Chinese, tried to get her mind off the plastic chopsticks Myrtice had jammed into her ridiculous geisha bun.
>
> After playing their first selection, "Wiener Blut," Mrs. Coco excused herself and hurried off to the ladies' room, where she snuck a cigarette and a Sominex.

The "plot" of *North Gladiola* is thickened with the cornstarch of multiple misunderstandings. Duk-Soo Yoon, that Korean existentialist, is pivotal in the snarling and unraveling of a knot that implicates Mrs. Coco in the murder of a chihuahua—and also connects her literally to a "schizophrenic" boy with whom she feels an affinity. The

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pull she'd known was a force that has a name, a power that radiates throughout this novel, making it more sweet than bitter. When Mrs. Coco tries to sort out her thoughts, she has to straighten out feelings that are "like a tangle of unmatched socks"—"those unwieldy king-size sheets that no amount of mental laundering could clean, that insidious tenderness she felt for the boy, more than affection, more than pity, something not quite proper that would not let her forget him, no matter where he was." These feelings lead to a revelation of truth, a traditional reconciling comic strategy that is also, here, a gesture beyond and through physical elements toward a metaphysical closure, a mercy of universal import. The soulfulness of Mozart's K. 421 is not the only mellow hymn underpinning the superficial slapstick of *North Gladiola*. The sustaining line of connection may be glimpsed even in Mrs. Coco's "theory about hypocrisy: If you kept pretending long enough and hard enough, your good humor eventually took on a reality of its own and ceased being hypocritical. In a sense this was precisely what the saints did—*willed*, in the face of every sort of suffering and distraction, their good humor, this making hypocrisy, in a sense, the root of all good."

Perhaps the bass is intoned by Father Fua, the Samoan priest. His words may explain why James Wilcox's fiction sometimes seems to be a happy combination of P. G. Wodehouse and Walker Percy, of E. F. Benson and Eudora Welty. Father Fua insists on a divine principle:

> Do not worry. Every thing fix up. You have nice husband and children. You love dem very much. God commands you to love them. It is very dangerous to stop loving, just because you don't happen to feel like it, you're not in the mood. Always there will be reasons not to love and people who will try and make you stop loving. It's like when dey try to kill the spirit of Christmas, the birth of de King of Love. Dey have been doing dis through the ages. First happens in year 1653 in England. Protestants try to stop Christmas because it is Popist. Women just like you arrested for making plum pudding. . . . So you see, honey. All dis is nothing new. You must fight to love, fight every day, every minute. Use all your muscles, both fits, 'cause most people are against it. Most people don't want love to work, understand. Dey are afraid of it. Now for penance say twenty Our Faders and ten Hail Marys and five Glory Be's. Go in peace, God bless you. And pray for me, please. I am sinner, too. Remember me.

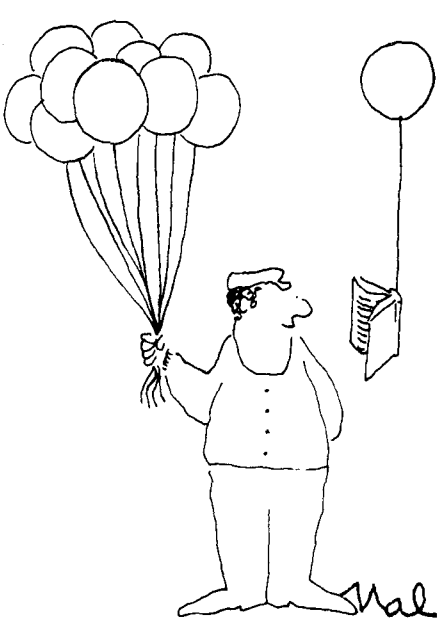
Those who remember young Mr. Wilcox's *Modern Baptists* (1983) will recall Mr. Pickens, Burma LaSteele, and Toinette Quaid, who make cameo appearances in *North Gladiola*. Those who remember will be likely to heed George Henry's advice to the Pro Arts, as it waits with poised bows: "Let's roll." And likely also to respond to Duk-Soo Yoon's syncretistic admonition, "Don't schlep your feet." □

BROTHER, CAN YOU SPARE A STAMP?

D. Keith Mano

The Post-Modern Aura: The Act of Fiction in an Age of Inflation, by Charles Newman (Northwestern, 203 pp., $18.95)

CHARLES NEWMAN is track-lighting a useful, if unwelcome, conceit here: in short, that art and the dollar have undergone brutal, pernicious inflation together. Post-Modernism is characterized not by style or particular intent, but by pure *velocity*. Michael Jackson to Prince to Madonna since day before yesterday. "Chronic excess demand fosters irrational consumption; all goods, intellectual as well as material, become nondurable, buying and selling take precedence over production and investment." With mass media we could probably go through both Renaissance and Elizabethan Age in half a decade. Moreover, each historical mode is available for recycling today. You can write a *Pamela*, *V*, *Little Dorrit*, *Howards End*, whatever. Yet nothing much is *new* in fiction. After all, High Modernism (the great canon of Pound, Joyce, Hemingway) sounds rather final—especially since Futurism was used up by 1920. The one movement in Post-Modern writing is movement itself.



Worse yet, an essential tension has come unsprung. "Freedom of expression seems to lack power without resistance, principled or otherwise." Solzhenitsyn had the splendidly repressive Soviet system. High Modernism could bait a complacent, uptight bourgeoisie. But the Post-Modern American middle class will accept artistic outrage: it is, big yawn, expected of "creative" types. Take sex: once an explicit coital description was charged with risk and notoriety. (Censorship can be your least expensive PR.) Now the only effective four-letter word is Fire! yelled in a theater. We are hyper-pluralistic and tolerant to the point of genial cretinism. No one can write against mere social velocity. (Which is why authors turn to "new journalism" or historical fact—as in *Amadeus* or Holocaust narrative.) Imagination has been discounted, one dime on the dollar. And novelists sense that they have no power (they did once) to change a civilization whose distinctive trait is change. The imaginative writer today can threaten his own bank account, not much else.

In fact, any serious novel should begin with Chapter Eleven. The dollar-art conceit isn't just a nice metaphor. As I've written here before, publishers never sold *books*. They were in the business of selling *rights*, paperback most often. But paperback people, no longer able to distribute or promote in an effective fashion, have withdrawn their generous subsidy. Newman summarizes this dreadful cash position at length and well. "In a single generation we've seen the book transformed back into a cultural luxury. . . . Twenty years ago it took 2,500 copies at $4 to $5 of a first novel to break even. Today the figure is at least 15,000 at $11 to $15." And that drastic inflation has occurred while demand was *declining*—there is no surer equation for insolvency. (Newman, a novelist

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himself, would estimate *total* American readership of serious fiction at a hundred thousand—25,000 of which are "hardcore" audience.) State support, possible for theater or orchestra, doesn't make sense. Why pay House X amount Y to publish five thousand copies of writer Z—if that print run will end up on some remainder-house fork lift? And yet "the American prose novel, after all, is one of our few national aesthetic projects which can make exhilarating claims within an international context."

Writer-reader antagonism, too, had gotten mean-tempered. Realistic novelists know they can't compete with Dan Rather. The novel as teacher—moral or factual—has long been discredited. And Formalist fiction (Barth, Gass: where language itself subs for character and plot) can have only a small, eccentric clientele. Irony and indulgent self-reflection predominate. Hell, no one is listening, why communicate? For me, anger and despondency (though I prefer a fine resignation) express themselves in the urgent use of second person. (Hey, you. Pay attention. Turn that VCR off for one minute.) I don't know Newman the novelist, but the social critic lets off *Angst* through brilliant turgidness. His language made my fat Random House dictionary do futile nose wheelies: sublation, orismology, ludic, Adiaphora, epidemia, Epigonentem. Spiteful grandstanding directed—as Formalist fiction will often be—at the empty auditorium. Of course it was me, another insolvent novelist, who had to suffer it.

Newman closes with an improbable optimism. There is something between Realism and Formalism. (Well, sure—most novelists are. His Post-Modern categorization is extreme and distortive throughout.) "Fiction can take its stand, as science itself does, in celebrating the particularity of partial knowledge." Truth is: you write if you have to write, and Americans write fiction superbly. They won't get published as often, paid as much (if at all)—so they will tend to write about what is most important in their world view. While one reader remains I have some hope. Novel writing may reduce itself to a kind of person-to-person correspondence. Final epistolary style, you might say, in which the novelist has to buy his own stamp and envelope. Before long, our best fiction may well be produced by vanity presses. □

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SCHUBERT, MOZART

Ralph de Toledano

I INVITE EXCOMMUNICATION when I recall all those afternoons spent at New York's Town Hall as a young critic, suppressing yawns as I listened to Schubert *Lieder*. You and the world know—it has been said so often that we must all know—that Franz Schubert could immortalize a dinner menu by setting it to music. A few of us suggest that some of what he set to music was not very superior to what the *table d'hôte* announces. Do I forget Schubert's great lyric gift? I do not.

Perhaps it is the way *Lieder*—Schubert's and other composers'—are sung that induces the *longueurs*. Perhaps we would do better with Ella Fitzgerald. At least she would not go through that finger-milking routine which appears to be required of *Lieder* singers, whether they are having a go at Schubert or Hugo Wolf. Lyric sopranos that I elsewhere enjoy and admire fall into the trap—and I cite Lucia Popp, who has successfully sung Mozart in the major opera houses of Europe, as a case in point. I had looked forward to her traversal of songs from such Schubert song cycles as *Die Forelle*, *Die Junge Nonne*, and *An Sylvia* (Angel DS-38139) to rid me of my heresies—but, *mea maxima culpa*, I remain unconverted.

There is, God be thanked, much more to Schubert than his *Lieder*—and much that has yet to be catalogued. Of his symphonies, his Eighth (mistakenly called "Unfinished") and his Ninth are masterpieces of that ambiguous period in music when composers did not know whether to hark back to the "classical" or plunge ahead to the "Romantic." (Had they listened carefully enough to Beethoven, they would have realized that neither was necessary.) Schubert also wrote extensively

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for the piano, and here I find some of his most compelling music. I do not rank Schubert with Beethoven and Mozart as some wiser heads do—though it is said that Beethoven apotheosized him in his dying hours. Beethoven reached into the piano and dragged from it most of the instrument's intellectual and emotional juices. Schubert died too young to find in himself what was left. Yet there is much in Schubert's piano scores to sharpen the edges of our perception.

Now Paul Badura-Skoda has given us Schubert's *Impromptus* (Astrée 89), his *Wanderer Fantasie* and the *Moments Musicaux* (Astrée 53)—issued in this country by Audio-Source (1185 Chess Drive, Foster City, Calif. 94404). It has been many years since I heard Artur Schnabel playing some of these compositions—and if memory serves me, there was something just a little too mellifluous about his interpretations. (When listening to Schnabel, who cared!) Other pianists have focused their intuitions on this music, giving us insights and pleasure. Badura-Skoda, an instrumental purist, plays these pieces on a Graf piano, with its more sensitive and responsive Viennese action. He is in turn gruff, lyric, forceful, and hesitant—and he gives us the kind of Schubert I have never heard before. As a rule, Badura-Skoda plays as closely to the intent of the score as he possibly can. In this subjective departure, I feel that he brings a new dimension to the music which I find both meaningful and exciting.

AND THEN there is Mozart, forever Mozart, who will I am sure survive the indignities of the movie *Amadeus*. Mozart wrote some 53 or 54 liturgical works. Of these the two that most lived up to the "love of God" of his middle name were the motet "*Ave Verum Corpus*" and the *Great Mass in C Minor*. The *Mass*, like his life never fully completed, is a shimmering statement of faith in the God that moved from Jerusalem to Rome and to the world entire. In it he demonstrates what all those who have truly written for the liturgy knew—that the ritual is inseparable from the score.

In the early 1950s, the Haydn Society issued the first complete recording of the *Great Mass in C Minor*, clear and ringing. Years later, Angel gave us an equally impressive stereo recording. Now Angel-EMI has issued a digitally remastered 1974 recording of the *Mass* by the New Philharmonia Orchestra and the John Alldis Choir, conducted by Raymond Leppard (AM-34710). Any recording of this *Mass* is worth having, if only for its achingly beautiful "*Et incarnatus est*," a soprano solo with flute, oboe, and bassoon *obbligato*. I know of no piece of music that cuts so deeply as this arioso, and I have played it in times of great sorrow and great joy—times when I have felt the unbuttoning of the flesh and the triumph of the spirit. But this recording gives us more than the "*Et incarnatus est*" in the soaring affirmation of the "*Cum sancto spiritu*" and its other resplendencies.

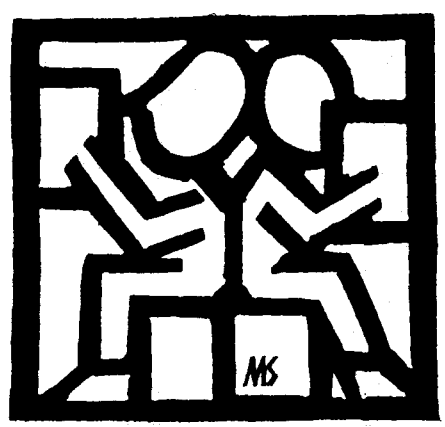
The *Mass in C Minor* is as close to God as Mozart in his life ever got, and in this recording we can accompany him. □

TRAVEL

DINGLING & EVIL SPIRITS

Priscilla L. Buckley

OUR COMMISSION has been working hard at meetings, briefings, luncheons, dinners for ten days, and this is to be our one break, a day of sightseeing around Peking. But in no way a day of rest. It is 6:00 A.M., and we find ourselves in a small touring bus. That we find ourselves in a small touring bus at *6:00* A.M. is proof positive that our friend Bob Wallach is one of *the* great American trial lawyers. He has convinced weary us that to see the Great Wall we should be there early, ahead of the crowds.



Lynn and Elizabeth Noah and Leon Slawecki of the embassy have joined us, greatly enhancing the enterprise, since in addition to being bright, witty, brave, true, noble, and strong, they speak Chinese. We travel north, into the rugged hills that form a hundred-mile-wide barrier protecting the great northern plain from Mongolia. As we ascend, the bleak grey-green-brown hills become dotted with wild apricot trees, scattered in flighty disarray up and down the mountainside.

In Peking, it was full spring, the cherry blossoms past their prime—fading dowagers—but here in the mountains spring is newborn, fluffy green and white. Since leaving Peking we have passed no passenger car, only buses and trucks, bicycles, and horse- or donkey-drawn carts. We turn a corner, like many others, and see it, the Wall—as we've seen it in a hundred photographs—moving snakelike along the brow of the hills, as it is said the astronauts see it from space. It doesn't take the easy route along the valley floor like roads and rivers and trains, not the Wall: It seeks the high ground, the crest of the hills. Some say it stretches 4,500 miles, others a mere 1,500 miles.

No matter. It was the Emperor Qui Shi Huangli, the first to unite China, two hundred years before Christ, who built the Wall by uniting the fortifications of the then six kingdoms of China. But the Great Wall we see here at Badaling was reconstructed, raised, and fortified by the Ming emperors (1368-1644). It is in fact a roadway built high above the ground along which five horsemen or ten soldiers could ride or march abreast. At high points there are beacon towers. When marauding horsemen were sighted, the sentries sent out smoke signals by burning wolves' dung (I know, I don't believe it either, but that's what *China, a Travel Survival Kit* says), relaying the message down the line that the nomads were raiding again.

The roadway is wide, but the stone underfoot is worn smooth and slippery. This left segment is steep, very steep, but not steep enough to discourage the inevitable hawker with his cold drinks, Red Army caps, and T-shirts. For a buck and a quarter (four yuan), Bruce Gregory, a very large, amiable, red-bearded fellow, is offered a flaming red T-shirt that proclaims in large white letters: I HAVE CLIMBED TO THE

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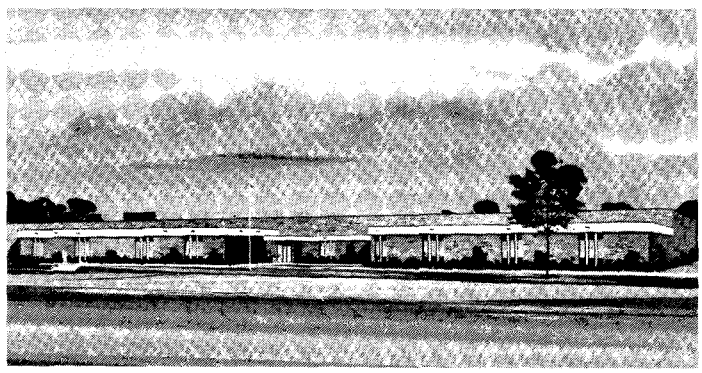
GREAT WALL. Bruce tries to explain to the vendor that he will make more sales if he omits the word "to," and the panting, red-faced tourists who have made it to the top of the first watchtower nod agreement. Some are too far gone to speak. The vendor does not say, "Ah, so," but continues to smile, and makes his sale.

The shadows so early in the day are long, and as we pause (for breath) we see another wall, an elongated wall of shadows with crenellations and watchtowers keeping us company, but undulating from time to time as it mounts a rock or descends into a crevasse. Here in the still morning, the sweet fragrance of the wild apricots is borne our way by the cooling breeze.

WE APPROACH the tombs where 13 of the 16 Ming emperors were buried by the side door, so to speak, rather than by the official entrance, the Sacred Way. We go directly to Dingling, which was built by the Emperor Wan Li (1573-1620), a merry rogue by all accounts. He took six years to build this elaborate tomb, expending all manner of silver coin and resources of the realm, and then, according to one story, threw one wild party in it before closing it up to await his next and final coming. It is the only tomb to have been excavated. Three days later in Hong Kong, Sir Run Run Shaw, the movie producer, will show us a film of the excavation of Dingling in 1956. We will see the workmen take down the bricked-up entrance wall, push open the huge, stone doors with a grudging grinding of rock turning on rock, and see them gently, carefully, remove the debris of centuries to come at last upon the treasures that were buried with Wan Li and his empresses. It is a little like having a grandstand seat at the greatest archaeological event of the early twentieth century, that magic moment when Howard Carter, peering into the tomb of Tutankhamen, whispered in answer to Lord Carnarvon's "What do you see?": "I see wonderful things."

As we approach the pavilion in Dingling Elizabeth Noah points to a string of glazed figures along the outer edges of the roof lines: dragons, phoenixes, lions, and celestial horses all chasing the emperor, who is riding a chicken. If they catch him, she tells me, and he falls off to his death, it is because he deserves it. This same rooftop parade

Freedom to grow, Brady style



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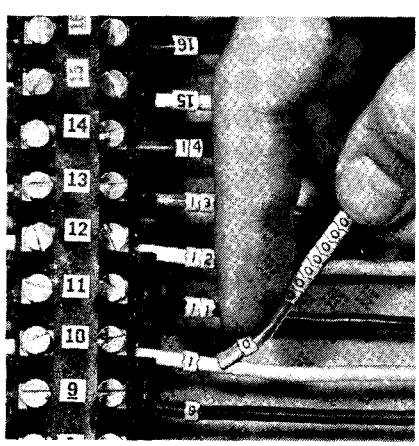

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is to be seen on all royal residences. Leon points to an elaborately carved ramp at the entrance to the pavilion and tells us that over this only the emperor may pass. He was carried over it in a palanquin by bearers who walked up the steps.

We, and streams of Chinese, descend into the tomb itself, a vaulted underground palace of five large chambers with giant urns and other artifacts that were discovered there, and find it all very sanitary, very clean, very, if you will, dead. Most of what was found here is now on display in the Forbidden City and at Changling, which we will visit later today.

Leon suggests we picnic at a non-reconstructed, deserted tomb called Qinling, which is near by. Our Great Wall Hotel box lunches are enhanced by the Kirin beer and sodas Hershey Gold bought at Badaling. They are ice cold, as is the jug of California Chablis Lynn has dug out of his cooler. We sit on fallen bits of masonry and statuary chiseled out of rock hundreds of years back, in a grove of tall cedars. It is all very relaxing, very pleasant.

After lunch we explore, discovering the entrance platform and remnants of the portal gate. We walk through the underbrush to the pavilion and beyond it to the tomb itself. Some of us make it to the top of the tomb; some don't try, and some who do find that the only safe way down the slippery stone is by the seat of the pants, which is the way Hershey Gold comes down. (Hershey is later, on the Sacred Way, to pose for a picture on a crouching lion's back, which back proves just as slick. We call it Hershey's Lion's Fall.)

Changling is magnificent. The entrance gateway opens onto a wide court at the end of which is a very beautiful, large, blue, red, and gold pavilion, Ling'en, the Gate of Eminent Favor. It's a rectangular building in perfect proportion. The emperor and his pursuing beasties engage in their ritual chase along the eaves. (Later that afternoon, in the Forbidden City,

THE RIGHT BOOKS / CHILTON WILLIAMSON JR.

SINCE THE late 1940s so-called educational science has been working with uncharacteristic success to replace political economy as the dismalest of the dismal sciences: a development acknowledged formally two years ago by the report of the National Commission on Excellence in Education, the reverberations of which continue to be felt as the country persists in what David Gardner, the head of the commission, described as the greatest educational-reform effort in a quarter-century. Within a year after the report's release, legislatures in 35 states had raised high-school requirements within their jurisdiction, while 13 other states were making feints in the same direction; twenty states raised college-admission (college emission?) standards and, again, 15 more gave signs of following suit. As of this writing, however, sound and fury have signified little, for reasons set forth in a new volume called *Education on Trial: Strategies for the Future* (ICS Press, Institute for Contemporary Studies, Suite 750, 785 Market Street, San Francisco, Calif. 94103; $29.95)—edited by William J. Johnston and with a foreword by Terrel H. Bell, former U.S. Secretary of Education—which suggests both the enormous complexity of the problem and the (probably incurable) dunderheadedness of the American education establishment.

As John Lukacs has argued with grim conclusiveness in *Outgrowing Democracy: A History of the United States in the Twentieth Century*, inflation of every kind is an apparently systemic—and endemic—disease of democratic societies. Nowhere, perhaps, is the truth of this observation more outrageously displayed than in the American educational system as it limps toward the twenty-first century. To an original commitment to the goal of a public education for every citizen of sane mind, and then some, has been added the dedication to an idea of education as the missing link between the Constitutional Convention of 1787 and Nirvana; a combination that, over the past four decades or so, has been producing spectacularly depressing results. In one essay ("Standards: By What Criteria?") Francis Keppel urges the development of a consensus on the subject not only of what standards the reform movement should be attempting to reimpose but of what ought to be demanded of schools in the first place: i.e., of the role education should play in a modern mass democracy. Or as Glenn Dumke, summing up, puts it:

> In considering educational goals, it is important to begin by understanding what schools *cannot* do. They cannot solve all of the problems of a troubled society. They cannot do everything well, all at once. Most importantly, they cannot succeed in their most basic purpose if they are constantly veering in response to the winds of political change. They must be able to operate with stable, firm, agreed-upon objectives. . . . Until reforms of education evolve from a broad consensus about what to do . . . all reform initiatives will be subject to the vagaries of changing fashion.

(It will be interesting to see what, if anything, the reform movement will have to say about the new Harvey Milk School in New York City. In the interim, we must all pray that the Harvey Milk School is not *part* of the reform movement.)

The scope of *Education on Trial* is impressively wide, allowing for articles on secondary and post-secondary education, teacher education, collective bargaining and its effect upon the profession, technology in the classroom, California's dubious attempts at educational reform, the case to be made (or not to be made) for a ministry of education, and other subjects. To my mind, however, the contributors pull their punches when dealing with the primary problem confronting American education: the big grand-daddy crocodile lurking at the bottom of the great grey-green, greasy Limpopo River, which has displayed time and again a taste for tender reformers, whom it devours in watery swales of indignant enthusiasm while obscuring the blood with murk. Recently, I looked at a book by a converted pedagogue (that is to say, a teacher who has deserted the ivied walls for a career in business) who, overcome by a burst of negative enthusiasm, issued a forthright call for the abolition of teachers' colleges everywhere in the Republic. I do not remember whether the means advocated was public recall, constitutional convention, or dynamite, but my own preference remains for the quickest and most violent solution. □

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Elizabeth will point to a rooftop parade in which the emperor is missing. "He must have been very evil," she says.) We go up a dozen steps or so and enter the pavilion, a cool oasis from the hot, glaring noonday sun. A hostess in a period gown offers to take us around. Leon and Lynn act as interpreters. Our guide shows us elaborately decorated and bejeweled headgear: a blue dragon crown and a phoenix coronet the emperor and his empresses used on ceremonial occasions; the armor Ming officers wore; alabaster wine jars; jewelry, vases, bowls, goblets, plates of gold.

But we must hurry; just three hours hence we face yet another 16-course banquet. So it's back into our bus and back to Peking via the Sacred Way. We drive through the double line of fierce generals and officials and the 12 sets of stone animals—one of each pair standing, the other crouching—past a giant tortoise with a huge stele on its back, to the Triumphal Gate. Somewhere along the four miles we have taken a jog to the right. As I look back, I notice the Red Gate is not on a line with the avenue of animals. Why is that? I ask Leon. Because, he says, "evil spirits fly in a straight line." And smiles at my ignorance of such basic facts in this strange and ancient land. It's been a very good day. □

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Conversations with Capote, by Lawrence Grobel, foreword by James A. Michener (New American Library, 244 pp., $14.95)

NOW THAT Truman has left the party before the party was over, slipping away quietly in his strange little way, what are we to make of all those notes he left scattered about? A book like Lawrence Grobel's collection of interviews with Capote only delays the day of reckoning. It keeps Truman the "character," the public persona and familiar outrage, around a little while longer. He was of course infinitely amusing, but also infinitely repetitive. If he had lived out the century, he'd have said nothing new, and nothing at all in a new way of saying. Reading these conversations with the self-declared homosexual, alcoholic, drug addict, and creative genius all rolled into one, you often get so strong a sense of *déjà vu* as to make you swear that you had heard it all before in one or more of Capote's own books. Indeed, this is literally the case in the echoes one may hear from a number of the most charming of his essays in, for example, *Music for Chameleons* (1980). Truman Capote was one of those writers whose voice lifts right off the page because it has already been heard so often in public. So if the conversational Capote is the one we miss most, where does that leave the writings? Can the perishing Republic draw any historical sustenance from a bleeding-heart screed like *In Cold Blood* (1966)? Is *Other Voices, Other Rooms* (1948) anything but a cloyingly self-conscious first novel by a gifted wise-child of our times? And how shall we go gently into that dark night of the age with anyone so slight as Holly Golightly? What's left, then, but that lovely and sentimental tale *A Christmas Memory* (1966)? And, of course, those half-remembered conversations after the party is over.

THOMAS P. MCDONNELL

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Why are the Liberals AFRAID OF THIS MAN?

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In the process of solving these problems and many others, Gardner takes on and demolishes the Welfare State, NASA, Big Government, the Arabs, the Russians, Wall Street, the Publishing Business, the Human Potential Movement, and just about everyone else, himself included.

Livid with rage, one of the largest publishers in the country threatened to sue Gardner for two million dollars. New York City slapped a consumer protection violation on his book—sight unseen. And a New York financial weekly tried to besmirch his reputation with a defamatory article. But nothing can stop Gardner. "STOP ME BEFORE I WRITE MORE" is well on its way to becoming the Conservative underground best-seller. Order your copy today and see why.

Warning: Do not read this book if it hurts when you laugh, if you have just had bypass surgery, or if you voted for Walter Mondale. All others are advised to read no more than one chapter a day.

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THE ILLNESS OF REAGAN

NEW YORK, JULY 24

THE ILLNESS of Ronald Reagan has force-fed thought normally in repose; thought about him, his office, and his successors. Commentators have canvassed many aspects of the illness, including highly improbable, but not for that reason hypothetically inconceivable, alternatives, for instance his resignation.

When Dwight Eisenhower had his stroke late in 1955, someone asked Len Hall, Republican Party boss, what would the party do if Eisenhower decided not to run again in 1956, to which the answer was, "When we get to that bridge, we'll jump into the river." Funny, complimentary, and just the thing to say when you know that the President, your client, will read it the next day in the papers. But here are some differences between Ike and Reagan worth thinking about at this point.

Dwight Eisenhower really wasn't particularly ideological. There is a considerable revisionist school that is having a successful time elevating Eisenhower, assigning to him skills we know now he had but did not affect to have. Murray Kempton wrote ten years ago an article called "The Underestimation of Ike." But even if we acknowledge that although Ike pretended to be aloof from politics, which aloofness gave him the prestige he wanted while all the time he was as shrewd a politico as Mayor Daley—still, he was not a President who had a considerable impact on his country's politics.

And his impact on his party's politics was negligible. When Eisenhower was elected in 1952, after five Democratic presidential terms, there was a higher percentage of registered Republicans than when he left office in 1961. We know, by contrast, that five years after the first inauguration of Reagan, the number of registered Republicans is at an all-time post-FDR high.

Frustrated liberals, in particular after the last election, decided to anthropomorphize political developments during the past few years. Ah, you see, it all has to do with Reagan! You see, he is, simply, magic! He says all those dumb things, and people believe them, and they go to the polls, and they give him every state except Minnesota! But . . . wait until he has left office. Then you will see that in fact his own personality was indispensable to Republican success. All that has been done under his sponsorship will evaporate, and the world will come back to its senses.

At the other end are those who feel that the forward inertia of the conservative movement requires fresh blood. It was frequently complained about FDR by hungry liberals that the New Deal really went no further after 1936, having exhausted the ideological energies of its patron. It was not until Lyndon Johnson became President —goes this theory—that the welfare state finally flowered. The comparable commentary would have us believe that the natural rhythm of politics will require that further reforms come later, in the post-Reagan period: conceivably much later, allowing for a hiatus at the hands either of a sleepy Republican or of an unlikely Democrat.

Such further reforms as what? Well, for instance, a foreign policy that encourages counter-Soviet salients in extramilitary areas, for instance, agriculture (between Europe and the United States, we are keeping the Soviet Union from starvation). In domestic policy, a flat tax, a voucher system for schools, and a reversal of the most conspicuous arrogations of power by the Supreme Court. Some think that a President simply can't get much more than what he asks for during those few golden weeks after he is first inaugurated. Not many people would be willing to say that the tax reductions of 1981 could have been introduced by Mr. Reagan in 1985.

So that two lines of thought suggest themselves. The first is that the tendency of the conservative revolution, as it has been called, is ratified not only by the personal popularity of its principal sponsor, Mr. Reagan, but also by the ascendancy of the Republican Party. And this tells us that such instability as is ahead of us in 1988 will merely be the result of different Republicans fighting for the nomination. That always happens, and it is predictable that no Republican who wants the nomination is going to campaign on the platform that Reagan was a bad President, or that his politics were too conservative.

Meanwhile, the doctors give news on the basis of which we can joyfully look forward to the keynote speech at the Republican Convention of 1992, by Ronald Reagan. □

UNDERSTANDING CUOMO

NEW YORK, JULY 19

MARIO CUOMO, governor of New York and leading candidate for the Democratic nomination for President in 1988, has a great deal to learn about such mundane matters as domestic and foreign policies appropriate to a free people, but forget that for a bit. Think of Cuomo at another level, a personal level, it being the plight of public figures who seek authority over us to subject themselves to extra-political scrutiny.

Point one, he is a man very sensitive to criticism. During his campaign for governor (1982) he reached me over the telephone to argue with an opinion given in this space that Candidate Cuomo was soft on crime, as witness his dogmatic insistence that the death penalty should not be reimposed in New York. His point was that only in this respect was he identifiable on what might be called the side of the progressives, that in all other matters he was tough as nails on criminals, and anyway, if the Republicans wanted to, they could override a gubernatorial veto of a death-penalty bill, so that they, really, were the hypocrites. Fair enough; I ventilated his clarification.

But last week his sensitivity to criticism was once again revealed to be very much more polished than his respect for other

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people's immunities to unfair practices. Columnist Joseph Sobran, during the Bitburg business, wrote several spirited columns arguing the correctness of the course taken by Ronald Reagan. A cartoonist for an Albany newspaper retaliated by producing a cartoon in which Sobran appears in a Nazi uniform. The proposition that anyone who supported Reagan's visit to Bitburg is a Nazi is the equivalent of the proposition that anyone who opposes executing criminals is a murderer. Governor Cuomo takes pen in hand and writes a letter to the Albany newspaper. Protesting so gross a violation of defensible polemical standards? No. Congratulating the cartoonist.

Mario Cuomo is a man of great personal political courage?

A fortnight ago, *Newsday Magazine* published a lengthy story on convicted murderers Gary McGivern and Charles Culhane, who have spent 17 years in prison. They didn't shoot the sheriff, who was seated in the front seat, escorting them to a hearing in Westchester, a third prisoner did, who was in turn shot and killed by the sheriff. But the state charged collusion, convinced two juries (the first jury was split), but piled up so much confusion that in due course an adamant group of people became convinced a) that McGivern and Culhane were in fact innocent and b) that, in any event, they had served more time than most convicted murderers about whom there was never any doubt as to their guilt.

BLEEDING HEARTS? Not all of them, because one such partisan was, no less, Tough-as-Nails Mario. Yes, as lieutenant governor of New York under Hugh Carey he wrote a strong letter to the governor's executive-clemency bureau recommending clemency for the prisoners. One can imagine the enthusiasm with which their friends worked for Cuomo's election, expecting that the clemency Lieutenant Governor Cuomo so ardently recommended in 1982 would be granted by Governor Cuomo in 1983.

Except that what then happened was—nothing. Cuomo will answer your letter if you write him about Chinese Checkers. The only way to guarantee not to hear from Cuomo is to write and ask him why he hasn't acted on his own recommendation respecting McGivern and Culhane. The reporter for *Newsday* concludes, in his five-thousand-word essay on the question, "Those who support McGivern wonder whether Mario Cuomo, who wants so much to be known as a politician who takes on the tough issues, really has the political will to do something he has so publicly described as the right thing to do."

We are reminded that it was Cuomo who urged Geraldine Ferraro in San Francisco to raise publicly the question whether President Reagan was a good Christian (how can any Republican be a good Christian? being the implied line of argument). Mayor Koch insists it was Mr. Cuomo, in their primary campaign, who instigated the subterranean, and subversive, slogan, "Vote for Cuomo, not the Homo," inviting unwarranted inferences from Koch's bachelorhood.

What it all adds up to is that we are obliged, in the months to come, not only to listen to Mario Cuomo, but also to observe Mario Cuomo. □

EMPTY THOUGHT FROM OUR SCIENTISTS

NEW YORK, JULY 29

READING Jean-François Revel's book *How Democracies Perish* is on the order of having a "permanent experience." Datum after datum, day after day, slides easily, and undeniably, into one of the slots opened up by a reading of that book. Its thesis is that in all probability the Western democracies are doomed because they cannot, or at any rate do not, summon the will to think decisively, let alone to act decisively. The reason for this is that there inheres in pluralism the tendency to doubt, to question everything (including the rights we enjoy); to cavil, to object. Beyond the single proposition that Hitler was an evil human being, it would be difficult to get anything like a consensus among American intellectuals on any given point. The liberation of Grenada was held by many to be an unwarranted, hostile, bellicose act. We refer routinely to "the two superpowers" as though they were cut from the same moral cloth.

The problem arises in connection with the role of the nation's scientists in doing research for Star Wars. The *New York Times*, in a long roundup, reports much scientific activism aimed at promoting what, if it were successful, would amount to a strike by scientists against the development of our Strategic Defense Initiative. On one campus alone—the University of Illinois at Urbana—57 professors in the physics department have signed a petition urging a boycott of Star Wars, calling it "deeply misguided, dangerous, and enormously expensive."

Arguments with which to cope with such positions aren't hard to come up with, to be sure. Most scientists, for instance, would agree that self-government is the best government, and the American people have elected a President and a Congress that have endorsed research into Star Wars. In all matters, the individual conscience should be supreme. But the civic consequences of cooperation only with government projects one believes in ought not to fade from sight. A strike by construction workers against a state that has undertaken to build a highway from A to B instead of from A prime to B prime would not tend to fortify democratic self-confidence.

Arguments on the other two points are easily summoned. It requires the capacity for hard paradoxical reasoning to classify as dangerous research designed not to kill people, but to prevent people from being killed. And then, too, it is certainly expensive to provide for our continued liberty, but the consensus is that between 6 and 7 per cent of the GNP is simply what we have to face as long as there are ugly people in the world who dispose of nuclear weapons, and the will to enslave other people.

But arguments in favor of Star Wars are less relevant, really, than the phenomenon of so many scientists' refusing to cooperate with a duly constituted national project. One line some are taking is that association with the project implies approval of it. At the far end of imaginary enterprises one can understand this point. The scientists employed by Dr. Mengele to experiment with human beings were certainly involved in an enterprise heinous beyond the powers of any sophist to justify. The scientists who worked on the atom bomb are always advanced as the locus classicus, the ultimate example of scientific seduction for evil purposes. But winning the world war was not an evil purpose. Nor was it an evil purpose to kill one hundred thousand Japanese in exchange for one million Americans who would have lost their lives in a protracted amphibious operation against the islands of Japan. Moreover, Hitler was himself working on the bomb, and in due course might have produced it if we had not used all the scientific resources at our disposal to destroy that evil force.

Just as we need to honor the right of the conscientious objector, who will not fight anyone under any circumstances, we need to honor the conscience of the scientist who will not use his mind for the benefit of any military undertaking, never mind that this one is defensive in conception. What hurts is the evangelism of the scientists in question. It isn't the assertion of their individual rights that they are after, it is the assertion of the rights of others. They live in a self-governing nation determined to be free, whose leaders are gradually recognizing that the doctrine of Mutual Assured Destruction is morally defective, and seek to do something about it. The Union of Concerned Scientists, which is the principal engine of what amounts to unilateral disarmament in the scientific community, uses the language Revel warns us against: The Soviet Union and the U.S. are—just the same. Down with our military. Down (the ultimate implication) with America. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

The Letter of Jude: A Prophecy

But you must remember, beloved, the predictions of the apostles of our Lord Jesus Christ; they said to you, "In the last time there will be scoffers, following their own ungodly passions." It is these who set up divisions, worldly people, devoid of the Spirit.

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INDEX TO CHESTERTON, by Joseph W. Sprug. For information write Chesterton Fund, Box 353, Carpentersville, Ill. 60110.

OLD BOOKSCOUT locates out-of-print books. Write "Greenmantle," P.O. Box 1324NR, Culpeper, Va. 22701-6324.

Personal

(NR extends maximum freedom in this column, but NR's maximum freedom may be another man's straitjacket. NR reserves the right to reject any copy deemed unsuitable. —Pub.)

TO LINDA—with profound gratitude and love after fourteen years on the fourteenth, Joe.

NYC ATTORNEY, 35, Catholic, 6'4", never married, handsome; enjoys travel, politics, swimming, conversation, adventure. Seeks attractive female, 22–32, with traditional values. Photo. Write NR Box 4125.

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TALL, ATTRACTIVE ENGINEER, 28, living in Newport, R.I. Would like to meet pretty, slender girl, musically inclined, who appreciates Bach, Hemingway, Hitchcock, the Marx Brothers, and two-way conversations. Above all, sense of humor required. Send photo. Write NR Box 4131.

SUCCESSFUL WOMAN EXECUTIVE, 42, well-educated, widely traveled, cultural enthusiast, slender, classic features, wishes to meet Christian businessman of attainment, 40+. Write NR Box 4133.

TALL SOUTHERN PROFESSOR, 45, gentle, nonsmoking, considered handsome, divorced father, appreciates Rachmaninoff, Will, athletics, wishes to meet very tall, very lovely, secure, relocatable lady, 30–45, without young children, for possible life together. Recent photo. Write NR Box 4135.

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TRANS-O-GRAM / KEM PUTNEY

DEFINITIONS

A. This building only comes with a four-year lease (2 words) — 43 164 225 25 118 5 131 96 205 66

B. Amendment dealing with excessive bail — 135 101 172 57 13 189

C. California redwood — 87 156 180 38 19 166 128

D. 1941 act permitting U.S. trade with the Allies (hyph.) — 62 140 186 29 117 82 171 48 193

E. Sinclair Lewis character (full name) — 228 194 106 207 7 56 173 89 72 132 31

F. Japanese seaport — 202 37 100 95 215 145 79 185

G. Trivial in nature — 144 223 18 64 187

H. Prerequisite for voting — 35 196 103 74 224 52 165 2 150 174 122 20

I. Offense taken — 107 98 121 73 216 1 58

J. Kitchen aid — 210 83 154 53 69 47 111 94 42 129

K. Makes ready for armed conflict — 220 153 113 86 12 34 61 190 179

L. Belladonna source — 102 44 170 81 21 195 65 6 143 155

M. Buckeye — 75 26 151 141 112 175

N. Smartly dressed — 120 204 8 93 36

O. Philippine rope plant, or a possible rhyme scheme — 88 130 208 227 99

P. Opinions — 167 119 27 188 63

Q. Greek peak — 110 80 139 14 152

R. Tasty New England dish — 222 22 149 133 45 162 177

S. One kind of alliance — 181 55 109 198 142 4

T. Pray for us (3 words; Latin) — 105 136 178 70 147 33 197 211 161 54 17

U. Pass bad checks — 114 97 159 85 28

V. Descriptive of tired bromides — 78 127 160 219 9 49 214 169

W. Fastest part of a car's interior? — 201 40 123 134 15 176 60 217 84

X. TEN MARINE TENT (anagram) — 51 226 163 192 209 124 30 92 221 157 137 67 146

Y. Capital of the White Russian Republic — 213 148 41 104 90

Z. Stubborn — 200 115 158 32 168 11 71 218 46

a. Spider's snare — 59 24 199 91 182 116

b. Man with shingles? — 3 125 16 212 68 191

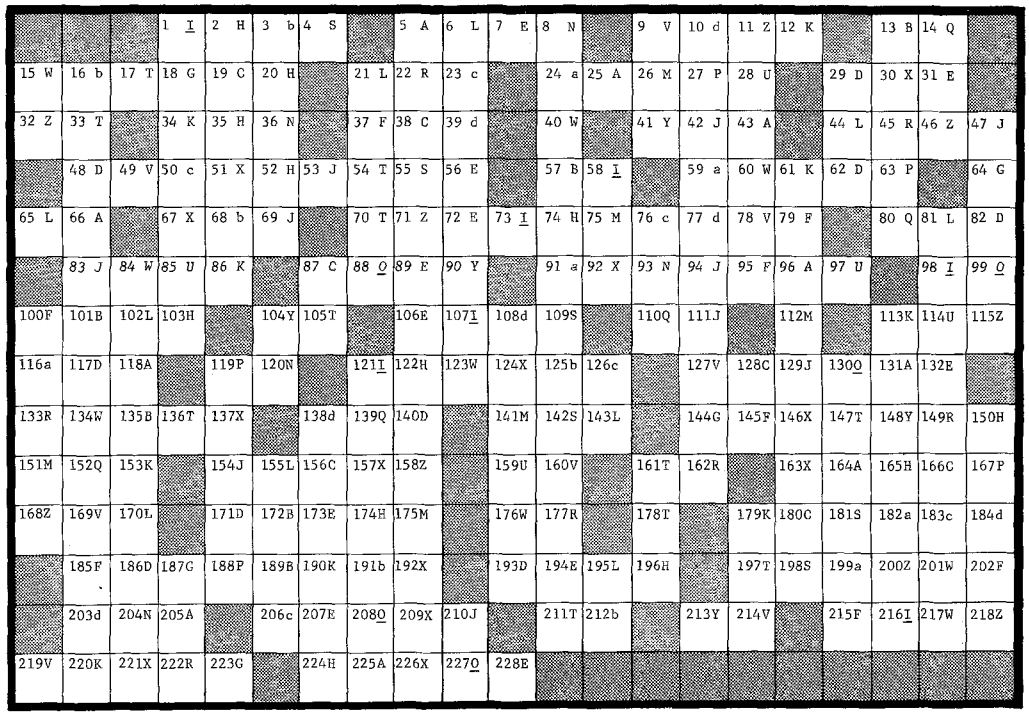
c. Patriotic hymn — 183 126 76 206 23 50

d. Dense growth of bushes — 39 203 77 108 184 10 138

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words (above) from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition.

See page 56 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.



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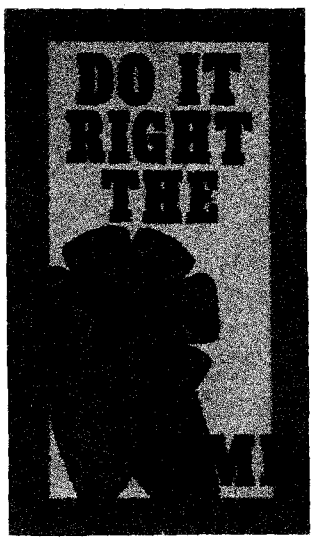

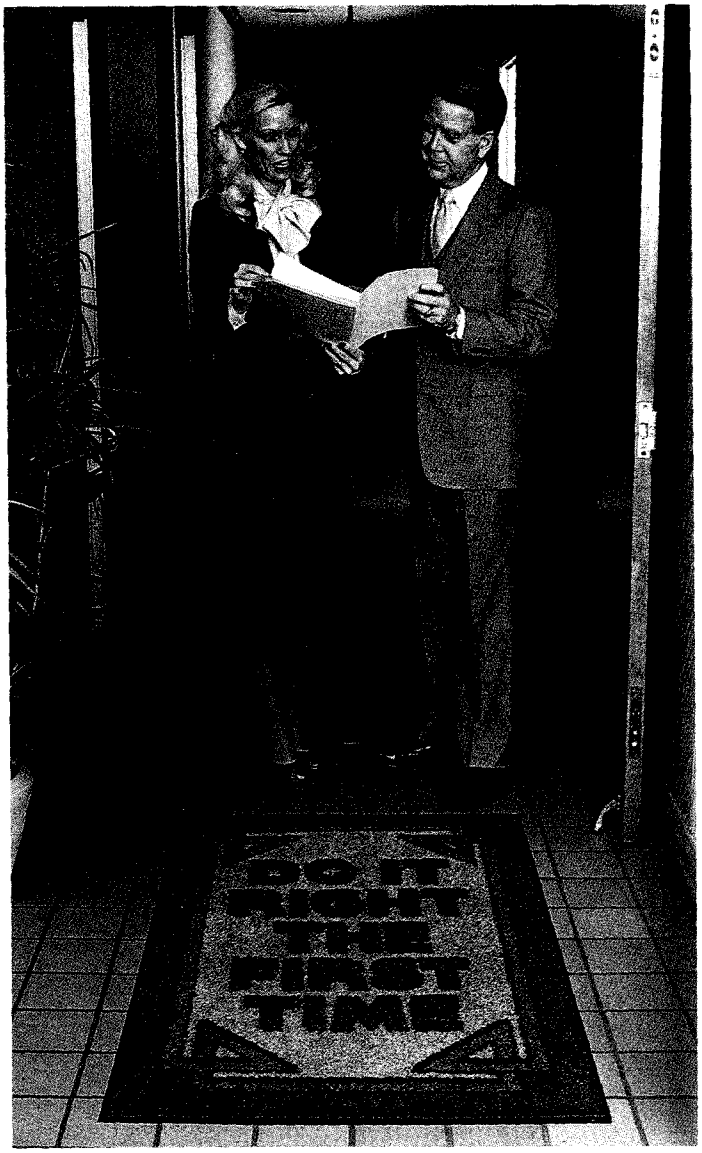

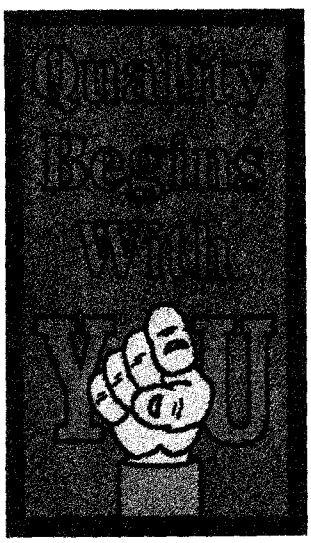

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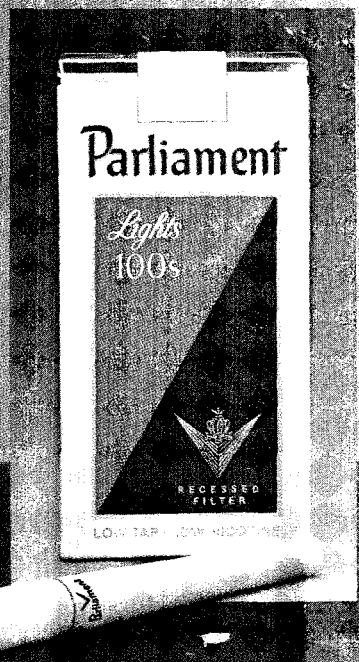

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